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J. S. Hayes

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National Melodies,

AND

OTHER POEMS.



BY JOHN LEE LEWES.

Whatever fortune my unpolish'd rhymes
May meet in present, or in future times,
Let the blest art my grateful thanks employ,
Which soothes my sorrow and augments my joy.

HAYLEY.

LONDON:

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1817.



W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

TO
CAPTAIN COLQUITT,

OF
THE ROYAL NAVY,

These Poems are inscribed;

AS
A TESTIMONY OF ESTEEM FOR HIS ABILITIES,

AND
ACKNOWLEDGED PRIVATE WORTH,

BY
HIS MUCH OBLIGED,
AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

CAPITULUM VII

DE VITA ET MORIBUS

De vita et moribus

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De vita et moribus

PREFACE.

OF the multitude of publications which are daily flowing from the press, Poetry constitutes no inconsiderable portion. Numbers adventurously offer themselves as candidates for poetical reputation ; but,

“ The steep where Fame’s proud temple shines afar,”
is hard to climb ; few succeed in the enterprise, and many fail in the attempt.

Ben Jonson, in his play of “ Every Man in his Humour,” terms poetry, “ that useless, that unprofitable art ;” and the votaries of the Muse, are, I believe, sensible of the truth of this remark ; for to the greater part of them, the world is not a path of roses ; it is on the contrary their lot,

“ To feel the influence of malignant star,
And wage with fortune an eternal war.”

As a mariner, venturing out on the stormy deep, supported by hope and heedless of his danger, I have launched this little bark on the ocean of the public notice ; should the billows of criticism rise and overwhelm it, I shall meet my fate with becoming resolution, under a consciousness that I have hazarded the trial of my humble powers in a good cause, and with an impression on my feelings, that in the hour of peril, man can do no more than exert his ordinary energies. Taste is not to be bribed, and to solicit favour for the poetical execution of these trifles would be unavailing. Those who know under what circum-

stances I have toiled to render these effusions worthy to meet the public eye, may possibly regard them as an apology for many apparent defects ; but, standing as my volume does at the bar of public opinion, I frankly own I should anticipate an overpowering sentence, did I not know that a British jury always incline to the side of mercy.

My means for collecting materials for a work of this description, have been very circumscribed ; but should the public smile upon these efforts, it is my intention in the course of the ensuing winter, to publish another volume, selecting the most popular airs of the United Kingdom, and embracing a more extensive range of National Melody, formed on the animating principles of patriotic attachment, and loyal affection, at a period which calls upon every faithful subject to do his duty.

I cannot suffer these productions to go before the public without acknowledging the obligations I owe to those composers whose names are prefixed to some of the songs.

To Mr. Charles Smith, Mr. T. Welsh, Mr. Slape, and Mr. Monro, I consider myself indebted for the admirable manner in which they have adapted my words ; and to Miss Matthews, Mrs. Salmon, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Duruset, not less for the excellent style in which they introduced them.

When the heart is full, the tongue has little power of utterance :—To all those kind patrons who have encouraged the publication of these Poems, I beg most respectfully to offer the tribute of my warmest gratitude.

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ERRATA.

PAGE 48.—Last line of last Stanza—for “sigh” read
“eye.”

PAGE 138.—Third line, insert “old,” before “Jupiter,”
and erase “has.”

PLATE

Fig. 1. — Head of the female of the species.

"2."

Fig. 2. — Thorax of the female of the species.

and wing of the same.

Fig. 3. — Head of the male of the species.
Fig. 4. — Thorax of the male of the species.
Fig. 5. — Wing of the male of the species.
Fig. 6. — Head of the female of the species.
Fig. 7. — Thorax of the female of the species.
Fig. 8. — Wing of the female of the species.
Fig. 9. — Head of the male of the species.
Fig. 10. — Thorax of the male of the species.
Fig. 11. — Wing of the male of the species.
Fig. 12. — Head of the female of the species.
Fig. 13. — Thorax of the female of the species.
Fig. 14. — Wing of the female of the species.

Fig. 15. — Head of the male of the species.
Fig. 16. — Thorax of the male of the species.
Fig. 17. — Wing of the male of the species.
Fig. 18. — Head of the female of the species.
Fig. 19. — Thorax of the female of the species.
Fig. 20. — Wing of the female of the species.
Fig. 21. — Head of the male of the species.
Fig. 22. — Thorax of the male of the species.
Fig. 23. — Wing of the male of the species.
Fig. 24. — Head of the female of the species.
Fig. 25. — Thorax of the female of the species.
Fig. 26. — Wing of the female of the species.

NATIONAL MELODIES,

&c.

Have I not nurs'd, for three long wretched years,
The miserable hope, which every day grows weaker?
Like a baby, sick to death, yet dearer for its weakness.

SOUTHEY.

INTRODUCTORY LINES.

THE Cloud which o'er my cradle hung,
Has spread its darkness round me;
But though my heart's with anguish wrung,
Though gathering ills surround me,

Who, who is he that says I shrink;
And mocks my vain appealing?
I care not what the Million think;
The Few, alone, have feeling.

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INTRODUCTORY LINES.

Although to *me* this world's a waste:

Of life though almost weary;

The bounds of dark despair I've past;

Though still all's dark and dreary,

No fruitless tear bedims my eye;

No idle murmur rises;

I've wept affliction's sources dry;

To yield, my soul despises.

A Lottery's life; some rise, some fall;

In Fortune's wheel revolving:

Though doomed to see the loss of all,—

My peace the wreck involving,

From duty's post I'll never flee;

Whate'er reflections gall me;

Whatever ills I yet may see,

What griefs soe'er befall me,—

I'll bear it all;—I know the worst;

The cause of all my sorrow:

My frame may fail; my heart may burst;

A balm from hope I'll borrow.

obey.

heche

naufraz

A viper gnaws my bosom's core;
A flame of fire's my pillow;
I struggle,—what can man do more?
I buffet with life's billow;

From friends, from home, from kindred hurl'd,
The bond of comfort broken,
This Preface stands before the world,
Of all my pangs a token.

THE HIGHLANDERS.*

The Land of Hills and Heroes is my theme.

And wild and high the Camerons' gathering rose !
 The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill ! but with the breath which fills
 Their mountain pipe, so fills the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evans', Donalds' fame rings in each Clansman's ears.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO, Canto III.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

PIPERS stand forth,—a martial pibroch blow ;
 Rouse your best powers, let tones of valour flow ;
 Gather the Clans ! give all your Chaunters swell,
 Till Cave and Corry echo to the knell ;
 A summons loud, such as in days of yore,
 Rang over earth, and heaven's concave tore,

* This Address was recited at the last Anniversary Meeting of the Highland Society, in commemoration of the battle of Alexandria ; His Royal Highness the Duke of York and Albany in the Chair.

When all the Clans rose up at war's alarms,
Subdued the Dane, and shamed the Roman arms!

A Pibroch sounded—"The Gathering of the Clans.

O'er Highland hills that warlike fire still glows;
Flames o'er the land, and through each bosom flows;
Sprung from the soil where Fingal's actions shone,
Where Valour roams, and Freedom rears her throne,
Where Ossian's Muse recorded many a tale
That marks the dauntless courage of the Gael;
And many a plume, that deck'd the Warrior's head,
Bends a lorn trophy o'er the silent dead;—
Behold we still the valiant Highland band,
The pride, defence, and glory of the land!
It joys the heart, to see, as erst displayed,
The dark plumed bonnet and the kilt of plaid;
The Roman habit in our ranks retained,†
And more than Roman ardour still maintained:—
Burst forth that fire, at Fontenoy it blazed;
To highest fame the Highland Soldier raised;
Gloriously blazed, when Wolfe, his country's boast,
At Abra'am heights led on the Highland host;

† Joy to the chiefs that lead Old Scotia's ranks.

In Roman garb, and more than Roman fire.

CAMPBELL.

When valiant Fraser cheer'd his gallant train,
"Shoulder to shoulder," charged the Highlandmen!
When from their ranks uprose a warlike cry,
And Wolfe, expiring, murmur'd—"Victory!"—
In later days, on Indus burning shore,
Gleamed o'er the foe the conquering claymore.
Their patriot worth, their enterprize we view,
In Spain, in France, and last, at WATERLOO!

Rouse, Pipers, rouse! sound, sound th' inspiring strain,
To which your bretheren charged on MAIDA's plain!
With loud huzzas the clamorous tumult blend,
And let the pibroch's blast the welkin rend!
Proclaim it forth! give all your chaunters breath,
Swell the proud triumph over hill and heath!

A Pibroch sounded—"The Campbells are coming."

The bloody trial of that day is past;—
While time endures, its memory shall last:
Glory shall point to the historic page,
When Highland zeal encounter'd Gallic rage;
When steel met steel; when man was match'd 'gainst man,
And through opposing ranks disorder ran.

When Highland courage, Highland firmness sped,
And Gallia's bands in rout and ruin fled!

Sound an alarm, the brazen clarion sound,
Till all the shores of startled Nile resound!
Loud, louder yet, make Echo's cavern shake;
Ring it o'er firth, o'er mountain, and o'er lake!

One blast of the Pibroch.

Ascend, O Muse, exert thy boldest wing;
EGYPT's the theme, the shatter'd trophy* bring!
Raise it on high, let all the nations see,
The proof of Highland intrepidity!
On that proud day, the Crest of Gallia fell;
Fled the vain Legions styled *Invincible*!
Highlanders, On! brave Abercromby cried;
Heroic Sidney fighting by his side;
Charge! Soldiers, charge!—the flags of battle waved;
Instant each breast the stormy torrent braved:
Like angry lions adverse hosts engaged;
Like ocean's hurricane the conflict raged;
The Britons closed;—in Highland garb arrayed,
And soon through hostile hordes destruction spread;

* The Invincible Standard.

The smiling Chieftain mark'd his comrades might,
And cheer'd his Highland brothers in the fight!
The shaft of fate had pierced his manly breast,
And saints had warn'd him to a home of rest;
Through ether spread, exultant Echo brings,
The sound of conquest on its dewy wings;—
The Vet'ran sprung! with joy the tidings hailed;
But fainting nature in the effort failed;—
To Sidney, then, his conquering sword he gave;
'Twas Valour's boon, a tribute to the brave;
Content, I die,—the fallen victor sighed,—
Gazed on the field,—then drooped his head and died.

Sweep the lorn harp!—one solitary tone,
Pour to the dirge of worth and valour gone!
Soft as the magic strain, when Zephyr's wing,
Waves its light influence o'er th' Eolian string!—

Peace, peace, ye winds! be hushed each ruder sound;
Let death-like silence reign his tomb around;—
Ye Maids of Albin, pour your sacred sighs,
And deck the shrine where Abercromby lies;
In silence wrapt, the arm of might is laid;
And Valour wanders in th' Elysian shade;

Britannia leans dejected on her spear;
And Freedom smiles, but smiles through sorrow's tear.

Sons of the North! once more your voices raise;
A Chief behold who well deserves our praise;*
Firm, just, impartial, with unwearied zeal,
He long has labour'd for his Country's weal:
The social graces with his virtues blend;
By every heart he's hailed, *the Soldier's Friend!*

Kent's honor'd Duke, to thee our praise is due;
The meed accept, spontaneous, just, and true;
A Scottish legion boasts thy high command:
The North is marked thy own peculiar land;
Hail! Prince, belov'd! thy worth all Britain knows;
To greet that worth each British bosom glows!

Chief of the Chiefs! Old England's Regent, hail!
Accept the duteous homage of the Gael;—
Honour'd by all; rever'd throughout the land,
The regal Sceptre well becomes thy hand;
'Twas never wielded but in honor's cause;
For justice, virtue, liberty and laws!

* His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

When gleamed o'er earth the Despot's tri-color,
And struggling Europe bled at every pore,
Then did the firmness of thy patriot mind,
Withstand the shock, and rescue human-kind ;
Long may'st thou live ! the sun of glory shine,
In radiant beams o'er thy illustrious line !
Firm to his land each free-born Subject cling,
Her cause defend, and rally round her King !
Honor to all !—the storm of war is o'er :
Lads with the kilts, one partial tribute more ;
Vain is the task ; an abler Muse than mine,
Should paint the land where souls of heroes shine ;
Could Ossian rise, his powerful genius view
The noble zeal ye shewed at Waterloo,
The Highland name exalted we should see,
Stamp'd with the meed of immortality ;
In fame's proud roll each Scottish corps would stand,
A rallying sign, an honor to the land ;
Be ne'er forgot the proud example, when
One highland corps charged fifteen thousand men ;
Four hundred strong, they charged the *column front,*
In line rush'd on, and braved the battle's brunt ;
The daring deed the gallant Greys beheld ;
Dash'd to their aid, and Glory's cause upheld !

Scotland! the cry ;—the Thistle flag waved forth,
And Victory hailed them, *Natives of the North!*
Their zeal is proved on Continent and Isle;
The banks of Ganges and the shores of Nile;
In every land their blood has flowed profuse;
They boast a Wallace! Douglas! and a Bruce!
And hosts of Chiefs, whose names are blazed afar,
Patriots in heart, and thunderbolts in war!!

AN ADDRESS

ON THE

ANNIVERSARY OF THE CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.*

BRITANNIA'S isle, exalted, firm and free,
 May well be called the land of Charity :
 O'er East and West, where'er we turn our eyes,
 O'er North and South, her Institutions rise !
 Her bounty shews, her monuments proclaim,
 The proud pre-eminence of Britain's name ;
 For, not alone to kindred or to clan,
 Throughout the world, she proves the friend of man !
 Before the light of Pity's heavenly ray,
 The mists of sorrow melt in air away ;
 'Tis yours to guard from wretchedness and woe,
 The sons whose fathers dared their Country's foe :

* This Address was recited at the last Anniversary Meeting
 of the Caledonian Asylum, His Royal Highness the Duke of
 York and Albany, in the Chair.

'Mid war's alarms, who firm, undaunted, stood,
And in the cause of Britain shed their blood ;
To heal the grief that rends the suffering breast,
And guide the wanderer to a home of rest.
Upheld by you, the admiring world may see,
Some future NELSON lead to victory !
Through your protection, kind, humane, and wise,
Some Chief, a second ABERCROMBY rise !
Spirits of Sires, who fell on field and main,
Start into life, and shew their strength again !
While each bold Soldier—each true Tar will prove,
Their constant feeling is, their Country's love.
That feeling glowed on MAIDA's bloody plain,
When STUART's legions charged o'er heaps of slain :
'Twas shewn in all its force, resistless, true,
When conquering ARTHUR fought at WATERLOO !
From earth to sky the shout of battle rose !
The Leek, the Thistle, Shamrock, and the Rose !
Union! the cry ;—on hostile hosts they rushed,
And tides of gore from Gallic bosoms gushed ;
Like whelming billows, sweeping o'er the main,
On charged *the Greys*, impetuous o'er the plain ;
Royals and Blues! the glory equal yours ;
You soon cut day-light through the Cuirasseurs !

Disdaining death, at Gallia's hordes you dashed,
Their helmets clove, their brazen breast-plates crashed;
From danger's post each patriot scorned to flee;
Allied in arms, they fought for *liberty*!

Restrain thy wing, presumptuous Muse! for here,
The subject claims the tribute of thy tear;
Though living laurels grace the brave man's tomb,
The Cypress still should wave in mournful gloom;
Departed worth demands the kindred sigh,—
Peace be to those who for their Country die!
Your breasts respond; and here Compassion sheds
Her smiling beams, her blessing on your heads:
Shades of your brethren, slain in Glory's cause,
Hover on high, and hail you with applause!
Your feeling bosoms be the source, from whence
Flows the full tide of pure benevolence:
For these your acts of Charity be given,
Success on Earth, a bright reward in Heaven!

SONGS.

THE UNION OF THE ROSES.

We will unite the white rose and the red :—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction !
What traitor hears me, and says not,—Amen?

RICHARD THE THIRD.

IN days of old, when Terror's sway
Distracted all the land ;
Our far-fam'd Isle, to feuds a prey,
Was scorch'd with Discord's brand ;
The Rival Houses, mad with rage,
Their party standards rear'd ;
When, hope and glory of the age,
Seventh Henry appeared !*

* In Henry the Seventh's reign, the Red and White Roses were united, and this perpetuated the Union of England.

Enthron'd, in lustre by his side,
Bedeck'd with roses bright ;
All England hail'd his beauteous bride,
And Freedom beam'd to sight !
The Red and White her fair hand weav'd :
They blossom'd 'neath their reign ;
All hearts with joy the boon receiv'd ;
All faces smil'd again !

When *Anne*,* our boasted Queen, shone forth,
Burst out the smother'd flame !
Commotion swelled throughout the north,
And Union lost its name :
Her powerful mind the strife beheld ;
Her wisdom all admir'd ;
The cry of Discord soon was quell'd,
And party rage expir'd !

She bade the Civil warfare cease :—
With roses wreath'd around,
Old Albin's Thistle, pledge of peace,
Upon her temples bound ;

* In Queen Anne's reign, the Union of England and Scotland, terminated the disputes of the two kingdoms.

Her subject sons, o'er flood and field
The British thunder hurl'd ;
Britannia grasp'd her spear and shield,
And dar'd the wondering world !

In *Charlotte's* reign,* we hope to see
Still greater blessings flow
The mingled Roses still agree ;
In bright perfection glow !
Each subject still, by England's throne,
Resolv'd to stand or fall ;
Embrac'd around it like a zone,
The Union of All !

The symbol of Old Erin's Isle,†
The Garland now adorns ;
With joy the Roses seem to smile ;
Uncheck'd with Discord's thorns ;
The Wreath becomes fair Charlotte's brow,
Oh, never may it fade !
But still the flowers in Union blow ;
Her growing glory spread !

* In Charlotte's reign, we anticipate the perfection of union in all.

† In George the Third's reign, the treaty with Ireland cemented the Union of the British Empire.

Anacreontic.

THE BOWL.

REPLENISH the wine-cup: away with reflection!

The Bowl brightly sparkles, we'll bask in its beams;
The quaff of the Goblet's a cure for dejection;

A magical impulse lies hid in its streams:
Philosophers, peace! while the wine-current's flowing,

With dull, sober sayings, we'll gladly dispense;
The charms of the Bowl, now luxuriantly glowing,
Excel all your volumes of learning and sense;

A truce then to thinking!

There's transport in drinking;
Old Jupiter thought so, if records are true:

The Gods in a cluster,

Would round the Bowl muster,

And so, we've been told, would the Goddesses too.

To Woman, dear Woman! a bumper to Beauty!

That heart must be flint, that's unmoved by its charms:
All kneel at its shrine with delight-yielding duty;

What bosom but throbs at love's gentle alarms?

The Bowl be our idol ; more worthy caresses,
Than love, that dissolves like the dew on the rose ;
The care-tortured bosom its influence blesses,
And sheds o'er the senses a balmy repose.

A truce then to thinking !
There's transport in drinking ;
Old Jupiter thought so, if records are true ;
The Gods in a cluster,
Would round the Bowl muster,
And so, we've been told, would the Goddesses too.

EUROPE LIBERATED.

O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do that valour bade thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural.

SHAKESPEARE.

O, ENGLAND, my Country! the star of thy glory,
Resplendently beaming, delighted I see ;
My bosom, that hails thy atchievements in story,
Now pours its full tide of devotion to thee !
Of none the oppressor, of millions the wonder,
Ye Nations of Europe, to you I appeal !
Hark, hark ! the response, like the rolling of thunder,—
Oh !—what must the heart of an Englishman feel !

2.

From far distant regions tumultuously swelling,
Now rise the wild shouts like the ocean-waves roar ;
The joy of mankind, their warm gratitude telling,
Loud echoing *Freedom!* now bursts on our shore !
And, lives there a Briton,—I scarce can believe it,
Not proud to acknowledge Old England his home?
If such one there be,—let the Murmurer leave it,
In search of a better he vainly will roam.

3.

Can BRITONS, accustom'd to brave the rude ocean,
Whose conquering bulwarks the storm-billows ride,
Expect, after storms, that the billows commotion,
Will sink into peace, *in an instant* subside?
The tempest has raged, unrestrained its duration;
Has raged through a long revolution of years;
But Freedom's restored to each suffering Nation,
The Tyrant no more his red banner uprears!

4.

His hosts are o'erthrown, and his laurels are blasted,
He lives but to witness the wreck of his fame;
Thy field, Waterloo! which in battle lay wasted,
Gave freedom to Europe, and death to his name:
The conflict is over; the wars are now ended;
And Nature's fair face they no longer deform;
The flags of all nations in friendship are blended;
Old England, the Pilot, has weather'd the storm!

THE DISTRACTED TAR.

INTRODUCTION:

SHRILL roars the blast, and through the redden'd skies,
Fiercely and loud the sweeping whirlwind howls.
With vivid flash, the vengeful lightning flies,
Dread o'er the main the deepening thunder rolls;
While on the surf-beat shore poor Ben the Seaman stands,
Rolls his despairing eyes, in phrenzy clasps his hands!

AIR.

Awake, my love, the breezes blow,
Rise from thy coral couch below,
No phantoms need we fear;
The bursting thunder's threatening knell,
The Ocean-Sprite's terrific yell,
Are music to mine ear!—
On this rock we'll repose, with the surge for our pillow;
Our lullaby, hark! is the roar of the billow;
The curlew's wild scream,
Shall echo our dream,
Our lullaby, hark! is the roar of the billow!

My spirit mounts the wings of wind;
The stormy seas I leave behind,

And quit the tarry deck ;
I soar above the reeling mast ;
I see my darling Sue at last ;
My mind no more a wreck.
Behold ! the bounded waves I span ;
Look, look ! the huge leviathan,—
His angry eye-balls glare!—
Howl on ! thou canst not shake my peace ;
Howl, howl ! the tempest's roar increase ;
Mad Ben, stern Savage, gives thee stare for stare !

I come, my love, my life, I come !
The troubled seas no more I roam ;
I feel thy fond caress ;
We meet, dear girl, no more to part ;
Once more I hold thee to my heart ;
I know thy angel face.
My brain's all on fire ;—lo ! the Dog-star is burning ;
The Furies have found me, my torment's returning ;
Stay, stay, Monsters, stay !
They drag me away,
They goad me along on the wing of the wave ;
One smile, dearest Sue,
Ere I bid thee adieu !—
Fiends,—give me my love, and your vengeance I brave !

YOUNG DONALD.

ON a white-clifted rock, 'midst the azure of heaven,
 Where the light mists of summer by zephyrs were driven,
 Young Donald lay musing, and wild was his form,
 As the ray of the morning that gleams through a storm ;
 His harp lay unstrung, and convulsed was his eye ;
 While the tear-drop of Pity approached like a spy ;
 It seemed to enquire if his Helen was near,
 And was dashed on the rude-rock, a martyr to fear.

Young Donald was brave, and as chaste as the snow ;
 And so strong, that no foeman could bend his stout
 bow.

Reclined was his form on the moss-imbrown'd height ;
 And visions of fancy bewilder'd his sight ;
 In vain his eye rolled on the broad verdant vale ;
 Or sought the sublime in the storm-gath'ring gale.
 The waterfall roar'd o'er the rock's rugged side,
 Its turbulent foam seem'd his griefs to deride :

The dew was consumed by the heat of his heart,
As the rose is destroyed by the Dog-Star's fierce dart.

Young Donald was brave, and as chaste as the snow ;
And so strong, that no foeman could bend his stout
bow.

“Thou false one !” he cried, “must this bosom still prove
A prey to thy scorn, a lorn victim to love ?
Enchantress, farewell !—my man's heart shall be free,
Or shall burst in pursuit of its lost liberty.”—
He grasped his claymore, and rejoined his proud Clan,
And forgot his false love in contention with man ;
Arm'd with rage, lion-like, he rush'd down on the foe,
And crimson'd the path to his cold grave below.

Young Donald was brave, and as chaste as the snow ;
Though subdued was his strength, yet unbent was
his bow.

MUSIC'S POWER ON LOVE.

Composed by Mr. W. Slape.

ON a bank of moss-roses young Cupid lay sleeping,
 A wreath round his forehead the Graces had wove ;
 In crystalline lustre the dew-buds were weeping ;
 They drooped in their bloom, a meet emblem of love ;
 Bright Sol shed his beams ; now more powerfully glowing,
 The urchin exposed, felt his dimpled cheek flushed ;
 His ringlets of gold on his fair neck were flowing ;
 The roses that wrapped him luxuriantly blushed.

A Fairy had hung her wild harp on a willow ;
 The breathing winds swept it, he woke at the sound ;
 In extacy gazing, quick sprung from his pillow,
 And cast in delight his sly glances around ;
 No form could he see ; straight to Venus's bower,
 He flew, and express'd what he'd heard in the grove ;
 She smiling, said, ' Trembler, I've now proved the power,
 The magical impulse of music on love.'

OLD IRELAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF ST. PATRICK.

AIR—" *The Bold Dragoon.*"

To celebrate this day as in harmony we're met,
Our social bond will stronger be, the more its band is
wet;

Then bring us wine!

The shamrocks twine,
The bead bespangled bowl adorning;
To mem'ry ever dear, here's ST. PATRICK!

Hail his morning;

Whack, &c.

Strike, Harpers, strike your strings, make them sound
a festive strain!

Awake their slumb'ring melody, let joy unbounded reign;

The Chorus raise,

In Erin's praise;

To Erin pour your soul's devotion;

Hark! responses to the sound, from the Green Isle,

Gem of Ocean!

Whack, &c.

Beneficently smiling, in verdant vest arrayed,
The seat of Hospitality, Old Ireland rears her head

In War, her name

Is known to fame ;

In peace the friend of every Nation ;

The sacred land of Saints—here's the *Sod!* boys,

Honor's station !

Whack, &c.

To Erin still we turn, as the needle to the north

Enamoured of our native land, our transports *will* burst
forth ;

There Zeal, we see ;

Fidelity—

And Loveliness, in worth excelling ;

The soil to strangers dear ; Beauty's home, sure,

Valour's dwelling,

Whack, &c.

Old Ireland ! still ; what British heart but will not
warmly greet

The land of conquering Wellington, of bravery the seat !

Aloud proclaim

Brave Arthur's name,

The Harps their boldest measure sounding :

Hark ! Echo swells the strain through the wide world,

Praise resounding !—

Whack, &c.

A wreath now let us weave, may its lustre never fade ;

May Heaven's dew long nourish it, no blighting blasts
invade !

With laurel set,

The coronet

Doth well become the brow of Freedom ;

The *Shamrock*, *Thistle*, *Rose*, and the *Leek*, boys,

Tyrants dread 'em ;

Whack ! &c.

SPELLS OF LOVE.

AIR—" *Cease your funning.*"

CHARMING creature !

In each feature

Of thy face divinely fair ;

Winning, wiling,

Sweetly smiling,

Lurks affection's secret snare :

Pining, sighing,

Roses dying

On thy cheek, its impulse prove ;

Looks of anguish,

Eyes that languish,

'Thrall me in thy spells of love !

Streamlets flowing,

Star-beams glowing,

Philomela's song at Eve ;

Zephyrs sighing,

Rising, dying,

Soothing charms around us weave :—

Peerless creature!

Pride of nature!

Heaven 'twould be to call thee mine!

Who, beholding

Charms unfolding,

E'er could fancy charms like thine?

PADDY'S PEEP AT WATERLOO.

A COMIC CHAUNT.

TUNE — “ *Through France, through all the German
regions I have roam'd.* ”

AT Malmaison, the Corsican, of bloody deeds lay dream-
ing ;

With threats and boasts led forth his hosts, his eye in
phrenzy gleaming ;

He told his Guards that big rewards of plunder they'd be
getting ;

They'd nought to do, but buckle to, and give the foes a
beating ;

But Nappy's dream to nothing came, with all his hubba-
boo, Sirs ;

He lost the day, and ran away, dead-beat at Waterloo,
Sirs ;

Spoken :—It was a sarious sort of an affair,—that
same battle of Waterloo ! I'll never disremember the
glorious confusion of guns and trumpets that burst
from all quarters, and the yell that rent the sky,
when they were—

All amaz'd and all confounded,
Every mother's son surrounded,
Tyranny turned upside down !

2.

Och ! had you been but near the scene where late the
fight was raging,

I'm sure with me you'd all agree, the sight was most
engaging ;

For sword in hand, and man to man, shillelah to shil-
lelah,

The frogs of France we taught to dance, and frisk and
caper gaily ;

In steel cuirass, like walls of brass, as tough and strong as
leather ;

They charged amain, we charged again, and all were
heaped together.

Ten times they tried in martial pride, our hollow squares
to enter ;

But firm as rocks, we stood the shocks, brave Arthur in
the center !

Spoken :—“ Here they come, my brave Boys of Eng-
land, Ireland, and Scotland !” exclaim'd the gallant
Field Marshal ;—“ at Badajoz, Victoria, and Sala-
manca, you gloriously supported your Commander ;
—and on the plains of Waterloo, I know you'll not
abandon him !” —“ Abandon !” exclaimed a Tipperary

boy ; “ by St. Patrick, we’ll stick by you to the last drop of our heart’s blood ! ” — On they came — not a man flinched from his honourable post. Charge ! was the word, and may be they wer’n’t

All amazed, &c. &c.

3.

We then assail’d, our whacks prevail’d, they bother’d them completely ;

Our weapons met, all keenly set, we shaved the Spalpeens neatly ;

At first they stood, like blocks of wood, as stiff as any sign-post ;

But flying cries soon reach’d the skies, the divil take the hindmost ;

Now all was rout, a conquering shout through all our lines resounded ;

In wild alarms they dropp’d their arms, despairing and confounded.

As if all hell was at their heel, the bands of Boney fled for’t ;

But all retreat was now too late, and tens of thousands bled for’t ;

Spoken :—It would have done your hearts good, to have seen the brave Prussian hero follow up the fight.—“ You’d be giving us no quarter,” says he, “ och ! then by the black flag, we’ll make free with the whole !” Faith he did, for they were very soon

All amaz’d, &c. &c.

4.

To England, joy ! each Irish boy reveres his own dear nation ;

We’re all as one when Wellington’s the theme of admiration ;
And Blucher, bless his honest face ! they say he loves the ladies ;

Their looks of love his heart can move, but war you know his trade is,

The land of Erin claims the one, and Prussia boasts the other ;
In worth, in zeal, in courage, skill, they ’re equal,—friend and brother ;

I’ve sung my song ;—it’s rather long, but please ye to encore it—

I’ll make my bow, and tell ye how the Paris lads have bore it.

Spoken :—Boney, that undone divil, the Ex-Empe-
 ror of France and Elbow, compleatly discomfited
 by the united bravery of the British and Prussian
 Forces, is now like Promatheus decently stretched
 out on the rock of St. Helany ; and may be the
 vultures arn't gnawing his conscience when he
 considers that his followers were

All amaz'd, &c.

PERFECTION OF BEAUTY ALL EYES MUST
ADMIRE.

PERFECTION of beauty all eyes must admire ;

But oh ! when united with virtue and mind,
The heart that with love its attractions inspire,

No peace, no delight in its absence can find.

This feeling I own ;—for when sever'd from thee,

A hermit I wander, unsocial, unblest ;

A slave to thy charms, can I wish to be free,

And break the soft fetters they bind round my breast ?

Thy cheek's lovely bloom, like the tint on the rose,

Both types of decay, in due season must fade ;

But the pulse of my bosom in death shall repose,

E'er its fondness for thee shall dissolve, my lov'd maid !

The pure light of heaven's revealed from thine eye ;

There's a spell in each accent that falls from thy tongue ;

The zephyr of morning's the balm of thy sigh ;

The nightingale's note is excell'd in thy song.

ADAPTED TO THE MUSIC OF HAYDN'S
NEPTUNE.

The Bass Song.

Lo ! Neptune in his azure car ;
Illum'd by Freedom's radiant star ;
His trident shakes the main.
The Sea-mews scream ; the billows roar ;
Dread thunder peals from shore to shore ;
Old Ocean owns his reign !

CHORUS.

Her banner to the clouds of night,
Britannia waves,—her spear of might !
Gleams terror to the foe :
The swelling clarion rends the air ;
Old England's sons the conflict dare.
Their hearts for battle glow ;
With eagle flight high mounts bright Glory's form ;
His throne the pinion of the vengeful storm !

IN THE SMILE OF AFFECTION MY EMILY SHED.

IN the smile of affection my Emily shed,
 Sweet prospects of peace oft before me would lie ;
 'Twas illusion ;—for oh ! the bright hope it display'd,
 Is flown with the glance of her love-lighted eye ;
 The rose-tree, that winter despoils of its leaves,
 When spring-tide returns, shall revive in its bloom ;
 But the flower of its beauty that death now bereaves,
 Will blossom no more, but lie shrouded in gloom.

She was dear to mine eyes ; the delight of my soul ;
 Its vows were oft plighted at love's holy shrine ;
 She rul'd all its pulses with tender controul—
 But fate had ordain'd she should never be mine ;
 Engrav'd on my heart, to remembrance still dear,
 Her image can never, oh ! never decay ;
 Though vainly now falls on her grave the sad tear,
 'Tis a tribute my soul in its fondness must pay.

MR. BONAPPARTY.*

WHEN with my Nan I first set up house-keeping,
 I at the spade, and she at the cow-keeping,
 Snugly we liv'd in each other's society,
 Acting with prudence, and decent sobriety;
 I work'd hard, my Nan she assisted me cheerily;
 Sweet smiles relieving me when I look'd wearily,
 All things went well until brought into jeopardy,
 By a vagabond scoundrel, one Mr. Bonapparty;

O, the thief, the rogue, the rapparty!

Divil go with him, he's guzzled my property;
 Spoons gone, and clothes gone, and Nan forc'd to
 drop her tea,

All for this Corsican thief Bonapparty.

There's Thady, my neighbour, whose doat is the news-
 paper,

Us'd of an ev'ning to bring us Tim Drew's paper;

* I claim only the three last stanzas of this song, nor do I know to whom the preceding verses are to be ascribed;—they came into my possession in a mutilated state, and I thought the subject worthy of extension.

When he had given us each piece of news in it,
Putting so slyly what sense he would chuse on it,
Huzza for the French ! he cried, they are the people, man,
Much I've to say, but go, bring us more tippie, Nan !
I'll give you a toast, one that's no whipper snapparty,
Here's the great little hero, called Mr. Bonapparty.

O, the thief, &c.

Thunder and turf ! he's plunder'd my property,

&c. &c.

' Asy, now, Ted,' says I, ' no botheration, man !'
Sure we've good reason to know the great nation, Nan ;
Say what you please, Ted, the universe all agree,
The thief of the world's neither honour nor honesty ;
Slavery's web the desaiver has wove for you,
Would have you believe, too, it's all for the love of you ;
Blarneys us Pats about freedom and glory, too,
Pooh ! didn't he tell the Great Turk the same story too ?

O, the thief, &c.

O, the blackguard, &c. &c.

And didn't he poison the pris'ners at Jaffa, all ?
Justified murder from one Mr. Machæval ?
The dead tell no tales, or the ghost of poor Kleber would
Startle his conscience, expose his ingratitude ;

One Captain Wright, too, the wrongs he was made to
feel,

May be posterity won't the foul deed reveal !

A three-tail'd Bashaw, a Dey of Algiers he was,

Bow-stringing all who disputed his will and laws ;

O, the thief, &c.—

I'll never recover a stick of my property, &c. &c.

But, thanks to brave Arthur, at length on his back
he's laid ;

We're bullied no more with his Corsican gasconade ;

With hat cock'd behind to the rock St. Helany slid,

He looks like a crow on the peak of a pyramid ;

His legion of honor a new badge are taking him ;

The corporal king of the Rat-catchers making him ;

Mr. Bull, too, inform'd him, the last time he went to him,

A Waterloo trap in due course would be sent to him ;

O, the thief, &c.—

I'll trust him no more with my Nan or my pro-
perty, &c. &c.

NAY, WEEP NOT, DEAR ELLEN.

Composed by Mr. Charles Smith, and sung by Mr. Braham.

NAY, weep not, dear Ellen, though destined to part ;
Oh, grieve not, dear girl, we shall soon meet again ;
Thy image, the shield, the support of my heart,
Will guide me in safety through the storms of the main ;
My duty impels me ; I'm pledged to my king ;
My honor's engaged, and I'm bound to obey ;
Thy tears will unman me ; no longer thus cling,—
Hark, hark, the dread summons ! away, love away !

Farewell, oh farewell !—to my soul ever dear,
Though doomed still to wander, my love ne'er shall change ;
The ocean's my home, and no danger I fear,
Though still on rude billows I'm fated to range.
I'll dwell on thy virtues ; I'll think of thy charms ;
Thy faith I depend on ; I swear to be true ;
'Tis death, oh, 'tis death, love, to break from thine arms ;
The signal is flying—Adieu, love, adieu !

CUPID AND THE BUTTERFLY.

ON a dew-dropping rose-bud, luxuriantly glowing,
 A Butterfly fluttered his gold-spangled wings;
 The vi'lets around their rich fragrance were throwing,
 Refreshed by the flow of the neighbouring springs;
 The bright, gaudy prize little Cupid espying,
 O'erjoyed from his arbour of eglantine rushed;
 Impatient to catch the gay wanderer flying,
 He stumbled, and falling, the floweret crushed.

2.

To his Mother, in anguish, with pinions soft drooping,
 The fatal disaster he ran to relate;
 The Goddess of Beauty in tenderness stooping,
 Said, see what mishaps on impatience await;
 Be wiser in future, thy objects selecting;
 Pursuing a shadow, the substance oft flies;
 In wildness and folly my counsel rejecting,
 Behold, thy own emblem now withers and dies!

THE SONG OF PEACE.

BELLONA's dread clarion rang through the air ;
Ambition his gore-dropping banner unfurl'd ;
Wild accents of woe and loud clangours of war,
Through Europe were spread, and alarum'd the world !
The earth's furthest bounds
Were shook by the sounds,
And suff'ring Humanity pleaded in vain ;
Fair Liberty fled ;
Sweet Peace drooped her head ;
While Angels in pity looked down on the slain.

O'er scenes of distress, desolation and blood,
The Demons of Rapine urg'd on their career :
Fell Havoc and Murder their victims pursued,
Stern Vengeance, unsated, high brandish'd his spear.
The trumpets shrill breath,
The heralds of death,—
The clamours of battle distracted mankind ;
Wild shrieks of despair
Were echoed afar,
And groans and lamentings were heard in the wind.

Hush'd at length, the war-notes cease ;

Nations round no more complain ;

Beaming joy, celestial Peace

Reassumes her blissful reign.

Softly wake the warbling lyre !

Let the flutes harmonious blend !

Hark, emphatic sounds aspire !

Songs of peace to heaven ascend !

THE FOREST FIEND.

(*A Vision.*)

'Twas a bleak winter night, and the wild-winds were
blowing ;

A snow-storm had sheeted the mountain and moor ;
All was dreary and dark ; not a star-beam was glowing ;

No path could I trace to the Cottager's door ;—
All horror around ; and at intervals gleaming,

Red meteors flash'd !—now again all was gloom ;
On my ear burst a cry !—'twas the Forest Fiend, scream-
ing ;—

I trembled with terror, expecting my doom !

An Object of dread on my vision now flashing,

Despair gave me courage, I struck with my staff !

The spirit approach'd me, its teeth madly gnashing,

In stupor I stood at its horrible laugh !—

A skeleton hand in my terror descrying,

The Demon now grasp'd me , I utter'd a scream !

Borne off, to his haunts the grim phantom was flying,

I started,—I woke,—and behold,—'twas a dream !

CANZONET.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

FAREWELL to love ! 'tis all a dream ;
A vision that beguiles the mind ;
It rises like the rainbow's beam,
Then fades, and leaves no trace behind ;
The pearls that deck the beauteous rose,
And glitter in the sunny ray,
Awhile their golden gleams disclose,
But soon they melt in air away,—
Like sighs of love !

False love, farewell ! no more thy dart
Shall quiver o'er my couch of rest ;
No more thy torturing sting impart
Its venom to my injured breast :
I'll henceforth fly thy magic wile ;
Nor trust thy soul seducing sigh ;
I'll henceforth shun thy syren smile,
Thy subtle glance, thy guileful sigh—
Farewell,—farewell to love !

THE SHEPHERDESS QUEEN.

'Twas May, when the primroses sweetly were springing,
 The fields were adorn'd in the mantles of green ;
 The bells of the village were merrily ringing,
 In honor of Flora, the Shepherdess Queen ;
 In pastoral beauty her throne she ascended ;
 A bevy of sweet-featur'd nymphs in her train ;
 The villagers all with their garlands attended,
 To worship her charms and rejoice at her reign.
 Rebeck its roundelay joyfully sounded ;
 Louder and louder the village-bells rung ;
 Rock, hill, and valley with rapture resounded,
 When Flora, advancing, thus charmingly sung.

“ Ye nymphs and ye swains, that now smiling surround
 me !

While spring, sweetly blooming, looks cheerful and gay ;
 Ye crowds of the village assembled around me,
 Yield, yield me attention, and list to my lay :

Now, while the flowers of the valley are blowing ;
Now, while the birds render vocal the grove ;
While young blue-eyed May her mild aspect is shewing,
Hail, hail the glad season of pleasure and love !"
Rebeck its roundelay joyfully sounded ;
Louder and louder the village-bells rung ;
Rock, hill, and valley, with rapture resounded ;
While Flora, the Shepherdess, charmingly sung.

THE OCEAN BARD.

A Requiem,

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE MR. CHARLES DIBDIN.

YE Sea Nymphs and Tritons, my summons obey!

Ye Spirits of Ocean, inspiringly rise!

Ye tars of Old England, now list to my lay!

Ye Cherubs of Heaven, give ear from the skies!

Be hushed, ye rude billows; the Ocean-Bard sleeps;

In death he reposes; be sacred his rest!—

Behold! at his shrine a pale mariner weeps;

While sympathy rules every pulse of his breast.

His title's recorded, and well known to fame,

Though now with despair he seems “taken aback;”

Tread lightly, my Worthies!—I'll tell you his name;—

'Tis render'd immortal; they call him, “POOR JACK.”

Who's he, in the twilight of eve that draws nigh?—

His raiment denotes him ;—lo ! drooping forlorn,
“ TOM TACKLE,” in sorrow now heaves a sad sigh ;
O'er genius departed, he lingers to mourn.

Assemble, ye seamen, and loudly proclaim

Warm gratitude's meed, to the Ocean-Bard due ;
In the storm, in the battle, forget not his name ;
In the storm, in the battle, he still thought of you.

Ye warriors of ocean, to you I appeal !

To you, salamanders ! for, dreading your ire,
Your conquering spirit all nations must feel ;
Your foes must conceive that ye live upon fire !

What form now beams forth through the vapours of
night?—

What Seraph-like image now leans on her spear ?
'Tis LIBERTY'S self that advances to sight,
And hallows the Ocean-Bard's urn with a tear !

BRITANNIA, her bosom to anguish a prey,

With faltering footstep approaches his shrine !
Her white-robed attendants now swell the sad lay,
While wreaths of green sea-weed in homage they twine !

Be still, ye rude breezes ! cease, votaries, cease !—

Your grief's unavailing ; the Ocean-Bard's gone ;

His spirit has roamed to a haven of peace ;

To paradise regions of harmony flown !

His harp lies in ruins, and hush'd is its strain ;

The balm-dews of heaven their sympathy shew ;

The wailing winds murmur, and sweep it in vain ;—

His soul's gone aloft, but his fame stands below !

THE RADIANT BEAMS THOSE ORBS
NOW SHED.

AIR—" *Gramachree.*

THE radiant beams those orbs now shed,
Are diamonds glanced on snow :
The bosom once by love betrayed,
With love can never glow ;
For other breasts reserve their spell ;
No transport they impart ;
No charm, no thrill of extacy,
To cheer my drooping heart.

There was a time, when sighs of love
Would from this bosom steal ;
But now its throbbing pulses prove,
The pangs those pulses feel ;
Affection's flow'rets all lie strown ;
Like Autumn leaves decay ;
Each joy of life, alas ! is flown,——
All,--wither'd are away !

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

Sweet bird that shunst the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy?
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening song.

MILTON'S PENSEROSO.

AIR—" *The Yellow Hair'd Laddie.*"

(Written for a Duet.)

How soothing, how sweet are the Nightingale's strains,
When evening approaches, and solitude reigns ;
What soul-charming melody swells from the grove,
When Philomel pours her lorn descant of love !

Now wildly complaining, loud, powerful and clear,
Now gentle as zephyr, it melts on the ear ;
To heaven's high azure the vespers now rise !
Now softly descending, the minstrelsy dies,

THE ORPHAN BOY.

OH! well I remember our humble thatch'd cot ;
Oh ! well I remember my mother's caress ;
Though now a poor Orphan-Boy, chang'd is my lot,
I roam the world's desert a prey to distress.
My parents are dead, and have left me forlorn ;
Oh ! spurn not a destitute child from your door ;
The loss of my relatives destin'd to mourn ;
No refuge they left me,—alas ! they were poor.

Nay, pass me not by, with a look of disdain,
Because thus in tatters I'm fated to roam ;
Ye sons of humanity, list to my strain !
Though now a poor Orphan, I once had a home ;
The cold ground is now my sole couch of repose ;
Ye daughters of charity, pass me not by !
Regard, I beseech ye, an Orphan-Boy's woes !—
The light of compassion is woman's kind eye.

All day, cold and weary, my path I've pursu'd ;
Keen, keen blow the breezes, benumb'd are my feet ;
In pity, relieve me !—I'm fainting for food ;—
In hunger's appealing there dwells no deceit ;
Of parents, of hope, of all comfort bereft,
A poor little orphan, dejected I rove ;
My faltering voice the sole legacy left,
Oh ! let its weak accents your sympathy move !

I was induced to write the above song, on hearing a beautiful composition of MAZZINGHI's, called 'The Beggar Boy.'

MY BOSOM WITH TRANSPORT IS GLOWING.

DUET.

HE.

I FEEL by the throb of my heart,
Thou rul'st every pulse of my soul ;
We'll never, oh, never more part ;
I'm bound by affection's controul—
I swear by thy beauty and worth !—

SHE.

Say only, thou lov'st, I'll believe thee ;

HE.

No power, no attraction on earth,
Shall ever induce me to leave thee :
To leave thee, to leave thee,—

BOTH.

Shall ever induce me to leave thee !

2.

SHE.

My bosom with transport is glowing,
Long destin'd to languish forlorn ;
'Tis rapture's bright tear that is flowing,
Thy absence no longer I mourn.

HE.

'Twas torture when destin'd to part ;

SHE.

'Twas death when thou bad'st me adieu ;

HE.

Thy image still clung to my heart,

That heart shall for ever be true ;

For ever, for ever,—

BOTH.

Our hearts shall for ever be true !

THE DOWNFALL OF TYRANNY

TUNE—" *Lowden's Bonny Woods and Braes.*"

Written on the First Entry of the Allies into France.

BOLDLY o'er the fields of France,
See, the flag of Britain waving !
See, the conquering Chief advance,
Gallia's power indignant braving !
Wellington, his country's boast,
To glorious deeds his soul aspiring,
Marshals forth his warrior host,
His ardent look each breast inspiring !

HILL, a name in war renowned,
Fires his bands, their danger sharing ;
HOPE, regardless of his wound,
Rushes on to deeds of daring !

Hostile shouts ascend the sky !

Lo ! the red artillery flashing !

Death's black banner streams on high !

Hark, the keen claymores are clashing !

Russia's monarch, Prussia's king,

Frown on guilt a stern defiance ;

PLATOW's bands their terrors bring ;

Spain stands forth in firm alliance ;

Denmark roused, her faulchion draws ;

Portugal her zeal is proving ;

Austria joins the common cause ;

Holland's cry, is, " Orange Boven !!"

Tyranny's dread reign is o'er ;

To the realms of darkness posting ;

Fallen is the Tri-color ;

Vain the Despot's haughty boasting ;

Sunk in blood his sun of pride,

He totters on his throne degraded ;

Fame announces far and wide,

All his laurels lost and faded.

Joy again shall bless our plains ;

Halcyon days and comfort bringing ;

France at length has burst her chains ;

Dire oppression's death-knell ringing !

Industry again shall smile,

Reap the due of all its striving ;

Peace and plenty glad our isle,

Commerce and the arts reviving !

THE BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

AIR—" *Over the Water to Charley.*"

No marriage for me!
I'm resolv'd to live free;
What's a wife without plenty of money?
Hill, valley, and grove,
Like a bee still I rove,
While I sip from each flow'ret the honey;
Enticing Nannette
Is my mignonette,
And my cowslip of spring is young Fanny;
The bright Rosabelle
Is my rose of the dell,—
And my heath of the mountain is Nannie;
fal lal lal la ra lal—fal lal lal la ra,
A Bachelor's life is the best, Sirs!

2.

Clarinda the fair,
With her golden wreath'd hair,
Is my woodbine, luxuriantly glowing;
Still charming my sight,
And still yielding delight,
Evelina, my amaranth blowing.
Of her beauty so vain,
My carnation is Jane,
And fair Ellen's my white-bosom'd lily;
My wild thyme and rue
Are gay Chloe and Sue,
Pretty Flora's my daffydowndilly.
&c.

3.

When Phillis I see,
She's my sweet scented pea,
Highland Mary's my down of the thistle;
My crocus so fine,
Is the smart Jacqueline,
But Rebecca's my artichoke's bristle;

Resolv'd to live free,
Still I rove like a bee,
When my pinion Lucinda I put on,
While hybla I sip,
From her innocent lip,—
For a time she's my Bachelor's button,
&c.

4.

'Till I meet with a flow'r
With a plentiful dower,
I'll range ev'ry hill, plain and valley ;
A wandering bee,
All alike are to me,
Susan, Chloe, Clarinda or Sally :
In the sun of each eye,
In the balm of each sigh,
Still I bask, and rich honey-dew rifle ;
Around beauty's ring,
Then I flutter my wing,—
And away my gay moments I trifle!
&c. &c.

FAIR ELEANOR.

THE morn scarce had broke, e'er the war-trumpets sounded !

Fair Eleanor shrunk,—'twas the signal of woe ;

The thundering roar of the cannons resounded ;

“ Hark !” Harold exclaim'd, “ to the battle I go !”

The strife fiercely raged ; to affection devoted,

She tremblingly followed on Waterloo's plain ;

Wild shrieks of dismay on the troubled air floated ;

She heard the sad tidings,—her lover was slain.

Despair in her look, to the battle scene flying,

In frantic confusion she travers'd the heath ;

Her soldier she traced 'mong the wounded and dying,

Pale, ghastly and bleeding, disfigur'd in death :

She threw herself down by his side broken-hearted ;

Of reason bereft, on his cold bosom lay ;

Loud clamours uprose,—at the tumult she started,—

'Midst uproar and carnage they tore her away !

THE COT ON THE HILL.

Composed by Mr. Charles Smith.

WHILE beams from the east the mild lustre of morn,
And spring's early flow'rets peer forth in their bloom,
While bright starry dew-drops bespangle the thorn,
And soft, balmy zephyrs shed round their perfume,
While Phœbus displays his broad orbit of gold,
And nature's sweet warblers their melody trill,
While mead, grove and valley their beauties unfold,
How lovely then looks the sweet Cot on the Hill !

With woodbine o'ermantled, and cover'd with thatch,
Its beauty requires no assistance from art ;
The suppliant, in vain never raises the latch,
Or e'er unreliev'd, is allow'd to depart ;
For years it has stood, of contentment the seat,
The mansion of peace and felicity still ;
E'en grandeur might sigh for so blest a retreat,
And envy our joys at the Cot on the Hill.

THE HEROES OF WATERLOO.

—A world's voice shall pay
The hard-earn'd meed of that tremendous day ;
Fame's fadeless wreaths from vanquish'd armies won,
Crown all who fought—who bled with WELLINGTON !

THOMPSON.

To those who have triumph'd in liberty's cause !

Those valorous hearts, who their battle-blades drew,
And boldly stood forth for their king and their laws,—
The conquering heroes of famed Waterloo !

To PICTON ! who led to the onset and fell ;—

He cheer'd his brave comrades, and yielded his breath ;
The cannons loud roar was his funeral knell !

Oh ! who would not envy so glorious a death ?

*TO BRUNSWICK! who fought and who died like his Sire;
Whose wrongs were aveng'd, and whose fate claims a
tear;

Be honor'd his relics; may spirits of fire
Still hover around them and guardian his bier!

TO UXBRIDGE! he lives, and immortal's his name;
Where multitudes fell, for his country he bled;
Th' example he set has exalted his fame,
On his wreaths of renown a fresh lustre has shed!

TO BLUCHER! whose presence each patriot fir'd;
Though worn with long service, and burthen'd with
years,

The glance of his eye every bosom inspir'd,
While charging he rushed on the enemy's spears!

* Within a windowed niche of that high hall,
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier;
And rous'd the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting, fell.

LORD BYRON.

To WELLINGTON ! Britain's bold champion and shield ;
No pillar is needed to mark his career ;
Humanity bails him ;—and Waterloo's field
A monument stands to his name ever dear !

To all ! fill to all, who at Waterloo's fight,
Disdainful of danger their standards unfurl'd !
Who, spurning oppression, were pledg'd for the right,—
And gain'd by their valour the peace of the world !

FAREWELL, A LONG, A LAST FAREWELL!

THE bond of faith, our loves had seal'd,
Thy perjur'd vows, false youth, have broken ;
The pledge of truth those vows reveal'd,
Has proved, alas ! deception's token ;
Yet think, although to regions flown,
Where warmer glows the beam of beauty,
Thy fickle breast can meet with none,
Whose soul will yield thee truer duty.

Farewell, a long,—a last farewell !
The breezes mock my bosom's sorrow ;
For still I feel affection's spell,—
From hope, a solace fain would borrow ;
Delusive thought !—no more, no more,
My breaking heart that thought must cherish ;
The cruel pang of parting, o'er,
Its sever'd chords are left to perish.

THE VAUXHALL BAZAAR.

YE crowds in the walks of our paradise meeting,
Where pleasure and mirth have establish'd their reign,
Who now are assembled to give us a greeting,
Convok'd by the magic of melody's strain,
Our concert's beginning ; list, list to the measure !
In aid of our efforts the instruments join ;
Each heart beats with transport, each eye beams with
pleasure,
The gems round our temple resplendently shine.
Ye groups of our garden come, gather around me ;
Ye bachelors, spinsters, wives, widows and all !
Ye beaux and ye belles, who now smiling surround
me,
Attend, and I'll sing ye the charms of Vauxhall.

There's Signior Rivolta, eight instruments playing,
So skilfully blended, they form a whole band ;
The Savoyard minstrels, from walk to walk straying,
The Pandean pipers attend your command.

Then cast your eyes round, our Rotunda beholding,
Its gay decorations will yield ye delight ;
O'er each scene as ye wander fresh beauties unfolding,
Their sweet fascinations bewilder the sight ;
Ye groups of our garden, &c.

The wonder of wonders, behold Madame Saqui !
O'ertopping the trees in a blue flame of fire ;
Though some for her safety she renders unhappy,
Her flight and her attitudes all must admire :
Now all ye old Bachelors, carefully watch her ;
Should her foot chance to slip, 'twill your senses appall
Your arms wide extending, take care that you catch her,
For fear she should souse in the Cataract fall.
Ye groups of our garden, &c.

We've loungers in stays, and we've ladies without them ;
Long skirts on the short, and small hats on the tall ;
Economy's plan makes the belles look about them,
'Mong ladies of fashion there's no waist at all.
We've, alamode Paris, fine flounces and laces,
And various strange fashions selected from afar ;
French bonnets to hide all your beautiful faces,
Sure never was seen such a splendid Bazaar !
Ye groups of our garden, &c.

BELOVED, ANGELIC MAID.

Beauty's bright blaze may charm the eyes,
And strike the gazer with surprise,
But virtue lives when beauty dies.

C. GRAY'S POEMS.

CANZONET.

Composed by Mr. W. Slape.

FOR thee this verdant wreath I wove,
Embellish'd with a flower,
Made sacred by the breath of love,
And cull'd in beauty's bower ;
Behold this sweet, this blooming rose !
No thorn its bosom harms ;
Observe how fresh its foliage glows,
An emblem of thy charms.

How bright its youthful buds appear,
Impearl'd with starry dew ;
Thine eyes, my love, are brighter far,
Thy cheek outblossoms their hue ;

The whiteness of thy polish'd brow,
With lilies may compare ;
The hyacinth's luxuriant flow,
Is pictur'd in thy hair.

These flow'rets soon will meet decay,
And wither in the wind ;
Their summer splendor fleet away,
And leave no trace behind ;
Though beauty like a transient flower,
Is doomed to shrink and fade ;
Thy virtues ne'er can lose their power,
Belov'd, angelic Maid !

THE DEATH OF PICTON.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest?
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

COLLINS.

RECITATIVE.

HIGH o'er embattled hosts of hostile powers,
Dread meteor-signs the wrathful clouds display;
Through rolling mists the Sun's red orbit lours,
Where marshal'd armies stand, in proud array.
Heralds of war, the clamorous clarions sound!
Loud roll the drums,—the banners stream in view!
Hot for the fight, the war-steeds spurn the ground,
The cannons signal bursts o'er Waterloo!!

AIR.

Encas'd in steel, with thundering crash,
Like stormy billows sweeping o'er the main,
With headlong speed the squadrons dash,
Deploying on the plain!

In column'd strength the foe appears!
Helms, cuirasses, shields and spears,
Glance radiant on the sight!
Advancing firm, the British line,
Inspir'd, obeys the battle-sign,
And rushes to the fight!

Wide o'er the field, the sword of slaughter flames;
"Be bold and brief!" the Briton chief exclaims,
On, gallant comrades, on!—

Death hovers around in conquering state,
His victims strew the realms of fate;
On high his sightless banners wave,
Woe to the coward—glory to the brave!
"Glory or death!" the valiant Britons cry,
Charge follows charge;—the baffled eagles fly;
The foe gives ground,—England has victory!—

But see, alas ! yon chieftain's drooping head ;
'Tis PICTON,—doom'd in freedom's cause to bleed ;
In languid streams, his ebbing life-tide flows ;
Yet e'en in death his patriot bosom glows ;

His spirit scorns to yield :

With earnest look, with fearless gaze,
The mingled hosts his eye surveys ;

Intent he views the field !——

On the dun air a murmuring echo brings
The sounds of conquest on its dewy wings ;——

The smiling chieftain hails the sound !

With steadfast look beholds his wound ;

“ Farewell, my friends ! ”——the expiring victor sigh'd ;
Grasp'd firm his sword, and like a hero died !

THE LOVERS VOW.

Composed by Mr. W. Slape, and sung by Mr. Durusset, in
the "Fair Deserter."

By the pure light of love that now beams from thine eye,
By the magic that breathes in the balm of thy sigh,
By the numberless spells which lie hid in thy smile,
By the bend of thy brows irresistible wile,

I swear, dearest maid, I adore thee!

When old Time shall have stol'n that sweet bloom from
thy face,

And bereav'd thy fair form of its beauty and grace,
Still sincere to its vow, this fond heart shalt thou find,
Still revering thy worth, and admiring thy mind,

I swear, dearest maid, I'll adore thee!

THE SCOTTISH BARDS.

O sweet are SCOTIA's lyric strains,
When chanted by her nymphs and swains !
Soft as the wind at evening close,
When dew hangs on the blushing rose ;
Sweet as the thrush's various note,
Wild warbled thro' its little throat ;
Sweet as the early sky-lark's strain,
When spring walks tiptoe o'er the plain ;
Or angels harps when martyrs die,
Heard chiming from the balmy sky.

C. GRAY'S POEMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ANDREW.

TUNE —“ *The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn.*”

My native lan' the south o' Tweed
But weel I loe the Scottish reed ;
An' fain would pay my humble meed
On this your joy-devoted day ;
The Muses train I no belang ;
But rise, auld Scotland's sons amang
To greet ye wi' a sample sang,
An' hail your Anniversary.

O, could I ca' a minstrel forth,
Wha's spirit slumbers i' the north,
An off'rin' o' poetic wurth,
 Would meet your charm'd, your ravish'd ear ;
But oh, alas ! how idly vain
To emulate celestial strain ;
Its like we ne'er shall list again,—
 Na ALLAN RAMSAYS now appear.

An' silent lies the magic lyre
That BURNS aft swept to notes o' fire,
An' meltin' themes o' saft desire,
 Might lure e'en angels frae the skies ;
These, these were bards o' matchless skill ;
Their numbers gar our pulses thrill ;
Wi' joy an' pain ilk bosom fill ;
 Sic influence ha their melodies.

Ye a' na doubt, remember weel,
A lov'd, lamented sangster chiel ;
A minstrel youth they ca' MACNEIL,
 Wha drooped an' died in foreign lan.'

Nane better kenn'd the rhymin' art;
Nane could in purer verse impart
Its warm appealings to the heart,
The Muses own his maister han'.

Alas! that fate, wi' frown unblest,
Should wring wi' pain sae kind a breast;
His harp sic heavenly charms possess'd,
Its tone might still the ragin' wave.
But tyrant Death has power to doom
Truth, virtue, genius, to the tomb;
An' sepulchre in silent gloom,
The wise, the good, the just, the brave!

An' mony mair I now might name,
Whaes titles grace the rolls o' fame;
Wham Scotland may be proud to claim,
Whaes monuments will last for ay'.
Though shrouded lie their dear remains,
They've left behind immortal strains,
An' lang as truth an' nature reigns,
The warl' will prize their memory.

Yet CAMPBELL lives, oh, let me pay
My homage to his minstrelsy :
A sweeter, warmer abler lay,
Proclaiming echo never rang.
An' TENNANT's proved his strenuous wing ;
To *Anster Fair* has tuned his string,
An' gar'd the vales o' Fife to ring
Applauses to his mirthfu' sang !

Now dinna deem my tribute vain ;
Or judge severely o' my strain ;
In troth, ye ken, ' I'm fidgin fain'
To meet ye on this happy day.
I've breathed the Caledonian air ;
Owre Highland hills I've wander' far ;
I luve your lan—and now appear,
To hail your Anniversary !

WHILE GLORY'S BRIGHT STAR.

— Once more your voices raise ;
A Chief behold, who well deserves our praise ;
Firm, just, impartial, with unwearied zeal,
He long has labour'd for his country's weal ;
The social graces with his virtues blend ;
By every heart he's hailed, the Soldier's Friend !

THE HIGHLANDERS.

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY.

WHILE Glory's bright star, and while Liberty's ray,
On the army of Britain resplendently shine ;
To Albany's Duke our devotion we'll pay,
And gratitude's wreath round his temples entwine ;
The orphans of heroes the chaplet shall weave ;
The orphans whose sires on red battle-plains fell ;
And widows, for loss of their husbands who grieve,
At the shrine of his bounty devoutly shall kneel,

2.

With firmness still wielding the engines of war,
The Father of all in our army who fought ;
By the whole British forces he's hailed wide and far,
Their glory and comfort the objects he sought ;
Unceasing in zeal ; still impartial and just,
The mind and the heart in his character blend ;
Exalted in station, and true to his trust,
Of every brave soldier, the Guardian and Friend !

3.

The strife that decided the fate of the world,
Serene at his post he undaunted beheld ;
The thunder of Britain, 'gainst tyranny hurled ;
His skilful arrangements brave Arthur upheld ;
Then high o'er his head be our banners displayed !
The praise of his country his merits demand ;
To Albany's Duke, let our homage be paid ;
And gratitude pour from each heart in the land !

ON A COUCH OF ROSES SLEEPING.

ON a couch of roses sleeping,
 Pillow'd soft young Cupid lay ;
 Pearl'd with dew, the buds were weeping,
 Blushing like Aurora's ray ;
 Balmy sweets a bee inviting,
 Round he ranged on busy wing ;
 On the urchin's lip alighting,
 In its honey fix'd his sting.

Mad with anguish, up he started ;
 To a passing nymph he flew ;
 Sobs and tears his grief imparted ;
 Round her neck his arms he threw.
 Anxious to dispel his grieving,
 On the wound she press'd a kiss ;
 But, in Cupid's pain relieving,
 Lost, alas ! her bosom's bliss.

CLAUDINE THE BRUNETTE.

A poor forlorn Minstrel I'm destin'd to wander ;
 My lover was slain in the conflict of war ;
 Lamenting his loss, on his fate I oft ponder ;
 My only resource is my tuneful guitar.
 Its heart-cheering numbers, its thrilling vibrations,
 My Florian oft was accustomed to hear ;
 Beguiling our troubles, its sweet fascinations,
 Oft, oft have imparted delight to his ear.
 Oh yield me your pity ; a trifle bestowing ;
 The scenes that I've witness'd, I ne'er can forget ;
 To a stranger forlorn your humanity shewing,
 Relieve a poor exile, Claudine the Brunette.

In anguish we parted ; the foe was advancing ;
 High rear'd, the red banners were streaming in sight ;
 Swords, helmets and spears in the sun beams were
 glancing,
 The signal was given—he rush'd to the fight !

The trumpets shrill clangour, the cannons loud rattle,
And strange mingled outcries wild rang through the air;
He sunk, overwhelm'd by the tide of the battle;
And left my lorn bosom a prey to despair.

Oh yield me your pity ; a trifle bestowing ;

The scenes that I've witness'd I ne'er can forget ;

To a stranger forlorn your humanity shewing ;

Relieve a poor exile, Claudine the Brunette.

THE MAGIC SWORD.

Song, and Chorus.

THOUGH no ray of heaven's light
Penetrates our cave below,
Fires burn here as warm and bright,
Flaming as to work we go.
Strike, Brothers, strike, while the furnace is glowing !
Temper the steel while the engines are blowing ;
When labour is done,
To our gambols we'll run,
Our charms in the cauldron of destiny throwing !

High uprear'd in glitt'ring rows,
Magic lamps their light disclose !
Ruby gems and crystals blaze,
While the roofs glance back their rays,
Strike, Brothers, strike, &c. &c.

Smite we now the glowing blade,
On our diamond anvil laid ;
Be the weapon form'd for ill,
Deadly proof of fairy skill !
Strike, Brothers, strike, &c.

ADIEU, YE PEACEFUL GLENS ADIEU

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure !

BURNS.

AIR—*'Ye Banks an' Braes o' Bonny Doon.'*

ADIEU, ye peaceful glens, adieu !
 No more I'll wander through yon grove ;
 No more your secret haunts I'll roam,
 With throbbing heart to meet my love.
 For she, my life, my only joy,
 Has left her fond, her faithful swain ;
 There's nought to cheer my drooping heart,
 Since fair Eliza fled the plain.

While others pipe upon the hill,
 And lightly dance by Cynthia's beam,
 These unfrequented paths I roam,
 Or musing, sit by some lone stream.

No more I tune my oaten reed ;
No more my pulses bound with glee ;
No charm I find in beauty's eye,
Since fair Eliza's lost to me !

Her locks in golden ringlets hung ;
Her eyes outshone the diamond's blaze
Her form was of divinest mould,
Upon her face 'twas heaven to gaze.
Ye powers that guard us here below,
Although no beam of hope I see ;
Oh ! shield the lovely nymph from ill,
Alas ! she's fled,—she's lost to me !

THE STRIFE OF WATERLOO.

The destroyer came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his Cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
 Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
 His host with their banners at sun-rise were seen:
 Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow—lay wither'd and strown.

LORD BYRON.

SWELL the clarion loud and high;
 While along the morning sky,
 Pale, portentous meteors gleam,
 And the Sun's unfolding beam,
 Redden'd with a fiery glow,
 Scowls upon the plain below!

Hark, the shrill trump resounding from afar!

The cannons' signal given!

Hark, echo spreads tumultuous shouts of war!

Wild uproar rending heaven!

In steel of proof, behold the foe advancing;

Their burnish'd helms and bright cuirasses glancing!

Proud in their strength, the 'vantage ground they gain;

Host moves on host and darken o'er the plain.

Now England's red-cross banner shone,
And Freedom grasp'd her radiant spear !
When Picton led his warriors on,
Disdaining death, despising fear.—
Fierce was the onset, and dread the commotion ;
The breast of each combatant swell'd with devotion ;
Like hurricane billows, tremendously crashing,
umn 'gainst column tempestuously dashing !
Each host firmly stood ;
Their banners dropp'd blood ;
' Now up, Guards, and at them !' brave Arthur exclaiming ;
Huge masses oppos'd,
And rank with rank clos'd,
The bayonets clash the dire conflict proclaiming !
Rag'd the war-tempest, and dread was the strife ;
Glow'd ev'ry soldier's heart reckless of life ;
Slaughter stalk'd forth 'till the darkness of night
Spread o'er the carnage and shrouded the fight.
The herald of day was the cannons loud rattle ;
Like giants refresh'd they uprose to the battle ;
Earth trembled, while squadron on squadron was
rushing,
And torrents of blood from life's fountains were
gushing.

The Britons assail !

Their charges prevail ;

‘ On, on, gallant comrades !’ brave Wellington
cries ;

In ruin and rout,

Hark, hark, the glad shout,—

Victoria, Victoria ! the enemy flies !!

STAGGERING HOME.

AIR—" *Todlin' hame.*"

THE clock had struck two ; as double I saw,
I thought from the chair 'twas time to withdraw ;
With bumpers of Sherry and three times three,
I'd seen out all the company,
Staggering home,—
Staggering home,—
One after the other went staggering home.

I found by my head I was fairly fou ;
My right from my left hand I scarcely knew ;
I hiccup'd ' good night ! ' but could no one see ;
For gone were all the company,
Staggering home,—
Staggering home,—
I thought it was time to go staggering home.

I rose to depart, but 'twas all in vain ;
My balance I lost, so I sat down again ;
A president still determin'd to be,
I fill'd to all the company !

Staggering home !—

Staggering home !—

Then took a sound doze, and went staggering home !

MORNING DAWNS !

DUET.

Morning dawns, Aurora blushes ;
Hark, the lark's enliv'ning strain !
Starry dew-drops gem the bushes ;
Transport beams o'er hill and plain !
Softly sweet our voices blending,
Hail we now the new-born day !
Higher now the notes ascending,
Echo swells our votive lay !

See, in glory bright appearing,
Phoebus sheds his golden beams !
Ev'ry heart their influence cheering,
Glowing on the eastern streams !
Nature smiles, her charms renewing ;
Hark, I hear the hunter's horn !
In cover deep, the game pursuing,
Op'ning hounds salute the morn !

RESUME THE LYRE!

RESUME the lyre! oh, breathe again
 That melting lay, that touching strain;
 The magic of its strong controul,
 In pleasing sadness wraps my soul!

On comfort's downy pinion borne,
 The world for me once spread its charms
 The spell is o'er;—'tis vain to mourn;—
 I clasp'd a meteor in my arms!

'Twas all a dream;—unblest, unknown,
 Adversity's dark wilds I tread;
 E'en Hope, the charmer Hope has flown
 Her halo-light no longer shed.

What hope, alas! remains for me,
 When even relatives rebel?
 Like summer flies when kindred flee,
 And mock my heart's tumultuous swell?

A kinsman shuns my vain appeal ;
Of friendship scarce remains a trace ;
For sever'd ties I keenly feel,
And love has flown my fond embrace !

— — — — —
Cease, minstrel, cease ;—no more, no more ;—
Thy griefs are mine,—I feel them here ;
The balm of peace thou canst not pour ;
My bosom bleeds,—forbear, forbear !

THE DEATH OF THE FOX.

HARK! hark! I hear the hunter's horn!

Glad echo hails the sound!

The merry hounds salute the morn;

Hill, wood and dale rebound!

Behold, the sounding chace appears!

Their uproar swells the lay!

The youths on coursers fleet as deers,

The huntsman sounds away!

Hark away—hark away!

&c. &c.

The jolly huntsman winds his horn,

And echo sounds away!

Now scouring o'er the bushy ground,

A brook strays through the bent;

Confus'd, and snuffing wildly round

The hounds have lost the scent;

But Reynard's cunning all is vain;
His art the huntsman spies;
The bank he takes; then backward plies;
Then bounds a field again!
Hark away—hark away!

Now through cov'ring broom he sweeps;
Now sculks through thickest shade;
From bramble-bush now sily creeps,
Now scuds along the glade!
Beneath a slant now earths his head;
Then flies with winged feet;
Now doubles, now reserves his speed;
Winds off with sly deceit.
Hark away—hark away!

The cunning huntsman cheers his pack!
When thund'ring o'er the plain,
The op'ning hounds now scent the track,
Loud shout the hunter train!
Now round and round the tangled brake,
Rush grooms, and squires, and boys!
Their poles they ply; their stations take;
The plunging terrier joys!
Hark away—hark away!

Expell'd his hole, upstarts to sky,

The villain, glares around !

Now here, now there, he bends to fly,

Recoils from backward wound ;

His frothy jaws, in foaming ire,

He grinds with horrid sound ;

His burning eyes flash sparkling fire ;

Hang on him many a hound !

Whoop ! we cry ; he yields his breath ;

He welters on the sword ;

Whoop ! we're in at Reynard's death ;

Whoop !—Hold hard—hold hard !

THE HUMBLE THATCH'D COT.

Composed by Mr. T. Walsh.

THOUGH far from the proud pillar'd domes of the great,
The joys of the town, and the splendour of state;
We've charms all these boasted attractions above,
At the humble thatch'd cot in the valley of love.

The flow of the fountains, the sigh of the breeze,
The song of the birds, and the hum of the bees;
These sounds do our minds to tranquillity move,
At the humble thatch'd cot in the valley of love.

Uncourted by grandeur, ungifted with wealth,
We're rich in the gifts of contentment and health;
These blessings unmingled with cares, we can prove,
At the humble thatch'd cot in the valley of love.

THE EXILE.

AIR—"Coolin."

IN a far, foreign climate though destin'd to roam,
An exile from Erin, my lov'd native home,
Though the loss of my freedom long doom'd to deplore,
And the maid of my bosom I ne'er must see more.—

From my view, though sweet Hope, the deluder, has flown,
Still memory pictures the joys which are gone;
Still I dwell with a pleasing, but pensive delight,
On the scenes which for ever are closed from my sight.

Evelina ! alas, 'tis in vain to repeat,
That dear, that lov'd name,—we must never more meet :
Like the sad, drooping boughs of the willow we part,
Divided, our arms, but united in heart.

Evelina ! these pangs I feel chiefly for thee ;
Some pitying saint may thy comforter be ;
Murmur on, ye dark billows, ye ocean waves, roll,—
Your turbulence suits the despair of my soul !

THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT BLOWS.

AIR—" *Auld Robin Gray.*"

THE sweetest flower that blows,

In garden or in field,

Is summer's opening rose,—

Delight its beauties yield ;

But oh ! a sweeter flow'r,

Enraptur'd now I see ;

Endow'd with heavenly pow'r,

And blooming bright in thee !

By love's illusion led,

I live but in those eyes ;

In ev'ry glance they shed,

Enchantment surely lies !

Their mild, benignant light,

Like morn's unfolding ray,

Sheds transport on my sight,

And steals my heart away.

My cot's in yonder glen,
Where balmy Zephyrs breathe;
A refuge hid. from men,
Around it woodbines wreathe;
Enjoying peace and health,
In friendship truly blest,
I court no greater wealth,
I seek no sweeter rest;
But oh! to call thee mine,
I'd leave my halcyon home;
My friends,—the world resign,
Content wi' thee to roam;
My heart's affection yield
To thy divine controul;
My arm should be thy shield,—
And love still rule my soul!

THE CONQUERORS' GARLAND.

AIR—" *Llwyn On.*"

THE tempest of War, which destructively raging,
 Spread terror, and delug'd all Europe with woes;
 The hurricane uproar of armies engaging,
 Has spent its dread fury and sunk to repose:
 Then weave we a Garland, bright laurels entwining,
 A tribute to valour—to WELLINGTON due!
 The Rose, Leek, and Thistle, and Shamrock, combining,
 Inscrib'd be the wreath, with the word,—WATERLOO!

The strife-boding trumpets which sounded to battle,
 To larum the ears of humanity cease;
 The clangor of arms and the cannons loud rattle,
 Are chang'd to the harp-breathing accents of peace:
 Then weave we a Garland, bright laurels entwining,
 A tribute to valour,—the Conquerors due!
 The Rose, Leek, and Thistle, and Shamrock, combining,
 Inscrib'd be the wreath, with the word,—WATERLOO!

While states and while kingdoms, like wrecks on the
ocean,

O'erwhelm'd by war's tempest, in ruin were laid,
Undauntedly braving the stormy commotion,

Her rallying standard Old England display'd !

Then weave we a Garland, bright laurels entwining,

A tribute to valour,—to ENGLISHMEN due ;

The Rose, Leek, and Thistle, and Shamrock combining,

Inscribed be the Wreath, with the word,—WATERLOO !

To Freedom devoted, the summons obeying,

Brave BLUCHER and BULOW upheld the great cause ;

Their patriot bands for the conflict arraying,

Each hero stood firm for his country and laws :

Then weave we a Garland, bright laurels entwining,

A tribute to all our Allies justly due ;

Their National Emblems with Britain's combining,

Inscrib'd be the Wreath, with the word,—WATERLOO !

To valour and worth while we pay our devotion,

Oh, ne'er be forgotten the SONS OF THE SEA !

The bulwarks of Britain—the warriors of ocean !

The scourge of all tyrants !—the pride of the free !—

When History turns o'er the bright page of Glory,

What peerless achievements will kindle to view!

When Freedom shall point to great actions in story,

TRAFALGAR will rank with thy fame,—WATERLOO!

Ye sons of the brave! who, all danger disdaining,

Through a long term of years have your banners unfurled;

Your fame and your charter still boldly maintaining,

Your firmness and valour have rescu'd the world:

Now bind we the Garland with cypress and willow;

To all who have fallen, our sympathy's due;

For FREEDOM they fought;—the cold ground was their pillow;

They conquer'd, and died, on thy field,—WATERLOO!!

CANZONET.

AIR—"Gramachree."

O, LADY, that impressive strain,
A saint might stoop to hear ;
To list that heavenly lay again,
A hermit lend his ear ;
The time has been, the harp's soft tone,
Could yield my cares repose ;
The time has been, its touch alone,
Could charm away my woes.

But now, alas ! e'en music brings
My sorrows no relief ;
The warbling of those tuneful strings,
No more beguiles my grief ;
Then oh, forbear,—sweet lady, cease,—
The magic numbers shed
No solace, for my bosom's peace,
Is fled, for ever fled !

R O N D E A U.

OH tell me no more of thy sighs and thy tears,
 But cheer my fond soul with those love-shedding beams;
 Oh tell me no more of thy tortures and fears,
 Regard them as fancies, as phantoms, as dreams!
 Could sighs have conveyed what my bosom has felt,
 The murmuring winds had been swell'd with my grief;
 Could tears have express'd on what object I dwelt,—
 They 've fallen in showers, but have brought no relief,

 I've flown to the woods; but the nightingale's song,
 No pleasure could yield me, no balm could impart;
 I've mingled in vain with society's throng;
 Society, love, had no charm for my heart;
 I mused among friends, and I mourned when alone;
 In visions oft long'd thy dear image to see;
 No solace I found in the harp's magic tone,
 All pleasure I shunn'd, for my soul was with thee!
 Then tell me no more of thy sighs and thy tears,
 But cheer my fond soul with those love-shedding
 beams;
 Oh tell me no more of thy tortures and fears,
 Regard them as fancies, as phantoms, as dreams!

THE WELLINGTON WREATH.

THE Rose of Old England is lovely to sight ;
Stern Caledon's Thistle commanding to view ;
The Shamrock of Erin luxuriant and bright ;
All emblems of honor and healthy in hue.
The Oak of our fathers, from stain ever free,
O'er ocean still rules ; 'tis our safeguard and shade,
We'll twine with these symbols the famed Fleur de lys,
And a Coronet weave for the Conqueror's head.

The Lily and Oak will his loyalty prove ;
The Thistle his firmness and fortitude shew ;
The Roses we wreath as a pledge of our love,
And graced with green Shamrock the garland will glow.
Brave Arthur shall wear it ; a Chief of renown ;
The trumpet of glory his triumphs proclaim ;
Approving the tribute, Britannia look on,
And Freedom exult at great WELLINGTON's fame !!

CANZONET.

ADAPTED TO THE AIR OF HAYDN'S CANZONET—

“ My Mother bids me bind my Hair.”

THOSE raven locks that lightly wave,
And grace thy brow of snow,
A lovely lure, an influence have,
Which lovers only know ;
But oh ! those bright, those angel eyes,
Such wond'rous charms reveal,
The magic pow'r that in them lies,
All bosoms sure must feel.

Oh, raise those orbs of holy light,
And bless me with their beams !
The live-long day I woo their sight,
They haunt my nightly dreams ;
Illusion all !—sweet saint forbear,—
Withhold their potent sway ;
They heighten but my mind's despair,
They steal my heart away !

HASTE, MY LOVE, THE DEWS ARE FALLING.

HASTE, my love, the dew's are falling ;

Chilly feels the evening breeze ;

Hark ! the dove his mate is calling,

From yon grove of clustering trees.

Haste, my love, oh, haste with me,

Thy anxious lover waits for thee.

See, affection's star is beaming,

Rivalling those orbs of thine ;

Through yon moss-clad ruin gleaming,

Lo ! its rays resplendent shine !

Haste, my love, oh, haste with me,

Thy anxious lover waits for thee.

Night her dusky veil is spreading ;

Homeward plods the weary swain ;

Fairy elves their rounds are treading,

Philomel has ceas'd his strain ;

Haste, my love, oh, haste with me,

Thy anxious lover waits for thee.

AWAKE, DEAREST ELLEN.

THE last beam of day has sunk under the billow,
And Zephyr its absence is mourning in sighs ;
Awake, dearest Ellen ! arise from thy pillow,
And make the night day, with the sun of thine eyes.
Thou star of my soul ! heaven's stars all out-shining,
Thy beauty's bright power, grace and virtue combining,
Enchantress ! all hearts in love's fetters entwining,
Delight of my bosom, sweet Ellen, arise !

To the sun of thy charms, their pure splendour unfolding,
An Indian I kneel,—adoration I pay ;
What mortal, the blaze of such beauty beholding,
But homage would offer, and worship its ray ?
The surges which murmur in gentle commotion,
Accord with my bosom's responding emotion ;
They seem to approach thee with tender devotion,—
Awake, lovely Ellen, and bless me with day !

THE MAYOR OF CORK.

FOUNDED ON AN IRISH DISPATCH.

TUNE—" *The Battle of the Boyne.*"

You all sure have heard of Sir Vazean Peake,
Of Cork the mayor and hero ;
He'd a cut up his nose and a slash down his cheek,
And big whiskers he did wear O ;
Boult upright he stood, seven feet in his shoes ;
Astonishing all behoulders ;
Divil a boy of the Life-Guards or fam'd Oxford-Blues,
Could display such a broad pair of shoulders.
Hubbaboo, botheroo,
Whackeroo, whurraroo,
Hurraroo scurraroo, be asy !

2.

He was tould that encamp'd lay a hell of a host,
That put the peace in danger ;
Like a shot from a shovel he flew to his post,
Fear to his soul was a stranger ;

Short work on't he made, he surrounded 'em all,
The cannons ceas'd to rattle ;
For pen, ink and paper Sir Vazy did call,
To dictate a dispatch of the battle.

&c.

3.

“ SIR,
We march'd off last night by the light of the lamp,
Precisely at five this morning ;
Burnt, sunk, and destroy'd all the enemy's camp,
Like true soldiers all danger scorning ;
Great guns, drums, and trumpets, they all left behind ;
Their musquets my men were for seizing,
But no fire-arms at all except swords could we find,
Which your Highness will think most amazing !

&c.

4.

“ On the fair sex that follow'd, the beasts turn'd their
backs ;
To our arms they were left to surrender ;
Only divil a one of them all but were blacks,
We treated them no less the tender ;

And the thieves in their hurry did nothing resign,
Though scamp'ring off so frisky,
But a few empty bottles all full of port wine,
And a keg of real Pathien whiskey.

&c.

5.

“ While I write this dispatch I’ve no time for a word ;
I’m all in a hell of a bother ;
In one hand I’ve got a great big bladed sword,
And a great horse pistol in t’other !
Now I’ll seal my dispatch—stay, I’ll first sign my name ;
When I get back to Cork I’ll be asy ;
Your Highness will see, on receiving this same,
By the post-mark it comes from——

SIR VAZY.”

&c. &c.

THE TRIUMPH OF BRITISH VALOUR AND HUMANITY OVER THE ALGERINE POWER.

——— Oh, glorious happy care !
To bid Britannia's navies greatly dare,
And through the vassal seas triumphant reign,
To either India waft victorious warre,
To join the poles in trade's unbounded chain,
And bid the British throne the mighty whole sustain.

MICKLE'S SIR MARTYN, Canto II.

Lo ! again in circling sweep,
Launch'd upon the subject deep,
England's red-cross flag unfurl'd,
Freedom wafts to all the world !
Cœur-de-Lion's glorious sign,
Proudly waving, stems the brine ;
High to all its foes display'd,
Signal of a bold crusade !

On a scorpion throne, in dread terrors array'd,
All Tunis and Tripoli bound in his sway,
Dark-brooding revenge, with piratical aid,
His merciless mandates upheld by the Dey,
Oppression, expell'd from the realms of the west,
The shores of the Corsair still curst with his reign ;
While liberty gladden'd each African breast,
Christianity pin'd under slavery's chain.

BRITANNIA, arous'd from her slumber of peace,
A war-boding menace indignantly hears !
Her eye flash'd revenge, while the clamours increase,
Loud rang over ocean and swell'd from Algiers !
Bright Freedom invoking, she marshall'd her host ;
The bulwarks of Britain soon breasted the wave ;
Her laurel-brow'd warriors flew to their post,
The dread of the tyrant, the hope of the slave !

Spurning conditions, the Infidel stood ;
Savage ferocity gleam'd from his eye ;
Britain's war-champions were rang'd on the flood ;
Glow'd ev'ry heart, for the trial was nigh !—

Burst from the fleets the dread thunder of battle !
Trembled Algiers with the cannons' loud rattle !

Yells of defiance now echoed in air ;
Ended the tumult in groans of despair !
Rag'd the red rockets, barbarians astounding ;
Not e'en a cheer from the Britons resounding ;
Flam'd on the foe a fierce torrent of fire ;
Tyranny's hopes in its billows expire !

England the battle-strife nobly maintain'd ;
Carnage now ceas'd, for the Crescent had wan'd ;
Suff'ring humanity struggled to see
Their valiant redeemers, the Sons of the Free ;
Burst were their bonds ! Christianity's race,
Felt in their transports, a brother's embrace ;
Honour to EXMOUTH ! the wine-cup high raise !
England's the triumph, and his be the praise !

WELLINGTON!

“ Britons love a bold and active leader.”

DOUGLAS.

Lo ! Freedom's banner rais'd on high,
Defiance wafts to all its foes ;
The watchword, “ Death or Victory !”
Emblazon'd, proudly shews ;
Advance, ye brave, ye patriots, on !
To Britain's land who owe your birth ;
The land of conqu'ring WELLINGTON !
Whose deeds have stamp'd his worth.

In earlier days, in climes afar,
A bright renown the victor gain'd ;
All Belgium hail'd him, “ God of War !”
A title well maintain'd ;
With such a Chief, what coward's mind,
But would with zeal, with courage glow ?
Its powers to glory's conflict bind,
And rush upon the foe !

On, on, ye sons of England, on !

Whose sires with EDWARD prov'd their might ;

Your Country calls, and WELLINGTON

Now leads ye to the fight !

Though proud outnumb'ring hosts assail,

Be Freedom, still our sign and shield ;

The Free man's arm can never fail,

Shall never, never yield !

ELIZA DEAR, WHEN FAR AWAY.

AIR—“ *Oh Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me ?* ”

ELIZA dear, when far away

O'er seas, to distant realms I'm gone,
Our faithful loves, like echo's lay,

Shall breathe as sweet as soft a tone ;
Should mem'ry cause a tear to start,

Oh think, whatever climes I rove,
In firmest bonds thou hold'st a heart,
That pledged to thee its lasting love.

2.

To thee I've breathed my bosom's vow ;

To thee I've poured its fondest sigh ;

Thou seest my pangs at parting, now,

Thou seest them in my sorrowing eye ;

Adieu, my love, my life, adieu !—

Nay, rend not thus my bleeding breast ;

One last embrace,—still fond and true,

Thy image on my soul's imprest.

3.

Farewell, farewell!—'tis death to part;
Though sever'd from my peaceful home;
Eliza dear, thou know'st my heart;
That heart from thee can never roam;
Restrain thy tears;—suppress that sigh;
Though sorrow's clouds are round us spread,
A warmer sun, a brighter sky,
May yet upon our hopes be shed!

THE SHEPHERD'S WREATH.

Ariette Française,

AMORET.

SEE, see, my love! the morning beams
Disperse the shades of night;
Their lustre tints the distant streams
With faint impurpling light;
Uprising in his golden car,
Behold the radiant God of Day,
Illumining the east afar,
His brilliant shield display!
His independent power he throws
O'er yonder mountain head;
With light and life all nature glows;—
The dew from earth are fled!

2.

Hark, hark! the dashing water-falls
Loud echo on the ear;
Hark, hark! the swelling bugle-calls,
Harmonious and clear;

The minstrel bands now strike their strings ;
The festive notes ascend the sky ;
The azure vault of heaven rings,
With sounds of earthly joy !
The shepherd youths have left their flocks ;
Attracted by the strain ;
The ravens all have flown the rocks ;
And mirth and pleasure reign !

2.

Haste, haste, my love ! the village maids
Are crowding to the vale ;
The flow'rets in their glossy braids
Give fragrance to the gale ;
Behold ! they mingle in the dance ;
There's magic in their sparkling eyes ;
A lovely wile in every glance,
And animating joys ;
The graces in their forms are seen ;
The loves upon them tend ;
Attraction in their shape and mien,
Their beauteous charms they blend.

3.

But thou, among the smiling train,
Wilt all the nymphs outshine;
The idol of each Shepherd swain,
For thee the wreath they'll twine;
And, as thou tread'st the mazy round,
Transported all the ring shall own,
With roses when the garland's bound,
Thou'rt worthy of the crown;
Then haste, my love, the village maids
Are dancing in the vale;
The frolic winds have loos'd their braids,
Their tresses strew the gale!

SCOTS! WHAES SIRES IN DAYS OF YORE.

AIR—" *Scots wha hae with Wallace bled.*"

Scots! whaes Sires in days of yore,

Freedom's standard proudly bore,

Grasping firm the red claymore,

Foes to odious tyranny,—

Scots! wha hae in later times,

Fought an' bled in foreign climes,

Crush'd oppression in his crimes,

Spurning chains and slavery.—

Hark, the warning trump of war!

Echo spreads the notes afar!

By the light of glory's star,

Rise an' arm 'gainst tyranny!

Highlanders, your symbol rear!

Couch the Caledonian spear!

Like your sires, despising fear,

Brave the tide of tyranny!

Bruce's deeds your souls inspire !

Wallace! —their's were hearts of fire ;

Never will these names expire,

They fought for sacred liberty !

Now, while breasts for battle glow,

Now, while onward strides the foe,

Strike, now strike th' avenging blow,

Glorious death, or victory !!

SILENUS'S CHALLENGE.

Anacreontic.

Boy ! bring us the cup o'er which Momus has laughed ;
 We'll lengthen our nights, if we shorten our days ;
 Go, bring us the goblet Jupiter has quaffed ;
 Carousing we'll bask in the glow of its rays :
 The gods tippled nectar, and called it divine ;
 A band of good fellows, a thirsty divan ;
 The nectar they boasted, was nothing but wine ;
 From Bacchus's fountain the beverage ran.
 It danced in the veins,
 A balm for all pains ;
 And taught the celestials the folly of thinking ;
 We mortals below,
 By example will shew,
 The Deities ne'er could excel us in drinking.

2.

That grape-loving Grecian, Silenus of Old,
Ne'er burthen'd his brains with philosophy's lore ;
He challenged the gods in a chalice of gold,
As Olympus he shook with his laughter and roar.
He drank and he sang, 'till they all were amazed
At the strength of his head, and the tones of his voice ;
As the huge cup of cups the fat Bacchanal raised,
Th' applauding divinities shout and rejoice !
It boiled in his veins,
Gave force to his strains ;
And taught the terrestrials the folly of thinking ;
We mortals below,
By example will shew.
The Deities ne'er could excel us in drinking.

3.

“ By the sceptre I sway !” thunders Jove in his joy ;
“ I ne'er could conceive I'd my equal on earth ;
But the gems on the nose of this jolly old boy,
Undoubtedly prove he was drunk at his birth ;

Replenish the bowl ! we'll his stamina try ;

I scarce know if I stand on my head or my heels ;

My vision has doubled the stars in the sky ;

But see how the tipsy old Bacchanal reels !

His wine-swollen veins

The rosy tide drains,

And teaches beholders the folly of thinking ;

These mortals below,

Assuredly shew,

We Deities ne'er can excel them in drinking !²

W O M A N.

O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!

MILTON, Book VIII.

THE beam in beauty's eye, can anger's self controul;
The charm of woman's sigh, sinks deep into the soul;
To woman's soft command, our bosoms we resign;
What mortal can withstand her influence divine?
When cares disturb the mind, when grief invades the
breast,

Dear woman, then we find, can soothe each throb to rest;
Wherever doom'd to range, her magic power we feel;
In every chance and change, our guardian angel still!

What eye but has not dwelt on woman's witching smile?
What heart but has not felt its sweet, seducing wile?
A savage, born to rove some wild, barbarian shore,
Will kneel to woman's love; her image brutes adore;
Sweet Woman! heaven's boon, in pity for our woes,
Thy presence, like the Sun, can life and joy disclose;
The world, devoid of thee, were but a barren waste;
A wretched being, man,—unciviliz'd, unblest,

THE VEIL.

O CAST that envious cloud away !

I long to see the break of day ;

Unveil the lustre of those eyes,

In which the light of heaven lies ;

Beam on me, love, thy beauty's ray,

I long to see the light of day !

Let me behold that snowy brow ;

Those auburn tresses wavy flow ;

That blooming cheek, that lovely lip,

Whose nectar, gods might wish to sip ;

O beam on me thy beauty's ray ;

I languish for the light of day !

IN ACTION I'VE NAILED MANY A FLAG
TO THE MAST.

THOUGH mayhap all in rags is my jacket of blue ;
Though my storm-beaten face is disfigured with scars ;
Though dismantled I stand, give a Seaman his due,
For I've weather'd some gales, and ha' been in the wars,
If my rigging is rent, still my timbers are sound ;
They're loosened I own ; but, my masters, avast !
I've been years long afloat, though I'm now hard aground.
And in action I've nailed many a flag to the mast.

2.

I sailed under Smith ; with St. Vincent I fought ;
I served with brave Duncan ; with Nelson I bled ;
By commanders of skill I my duty was taught,
And to victory oft by those heroes was led ;
A truce to palaver, or else I could tell,
How with Commodore Owen some laurels I gained ;
That when fighting with Strachan, my courage ne'er fell ;
And with Hood I my colours ha' staunchly maintained.

3.

Though I'm now high and dry, cast a wreck upon shore,
Not a shot in the locker, or shirt to my back ;
I'm a tar, and my fortune I scorn to deplore,
And disdain at her frowns to be taken aback ;
I honor my king ; and my country I bless ;
I've fought for it oft, and would fight for't again ;
There's GREENWICH at last, and a home for distress,
For those who no longer can toil on the main.

CANZONET.

O THEN I THINK OF THEE!

Composed by Mr. W. Slape, and sung by Miss Matthews.

At the break of summer morn,
When the dew impearls the thorn,
When the balmy rose appears,
Breathing odours, dropping tears,—

O then I think of thee, love,
O then I think of thee !

2.

At the fervid noon of day,
Sheltered from solar ray,
Wand'ring in the shady wood,
Wrapt in hermit solitude,—

O then I think of thee, love,
O then I think of thee !

3.

At the silent hour of rest,
When the dove has sought her nest,
And the moon's resplendent beam,
Plays upon the murm'ring stream,

O then I think of thee, love,

O then I think of thee !

4.

At morn, dear maid, at noon, and night,
Thy fancy'd image charms my sight ;
The magic of love's soft controul,
Rules the pulses of my soul ;

Still, still, I think of thee, love,

O still I think of thee !

FAREWELL FOR EVER!

FARE thee well, my bosom's treasure!

Form'd to soothe each care to rest;

Scenes of beauty, scenes of pleasure,

Joy no more my aching breast;

Eliza dear, I come not now

To bid thy charms more brightly glow;

I come to give one look of woe,

And then,—farewell for ever!

Adieu! the trumpet calls,—adieu!

I'm warn'd, sweet maid, to climes afar;

My heart shall still to love be true,

And still adore yon western star;

For when its rising beam I see,

Shall memory, sighing, think on thee;

Farewell, my love, remember me,—

And now—farewell for ever!

WHEN THE DRUM BEAT TO ARMS!

WHEN the drum beat to arms, and the signal was given,
 Thou know'st not the anguish that rush'd on my
 heart,

When with vows of affection breathed fondly to heaven,
 Thou bad'st me adieu, and I trembled to part:

My tears flowed in vain, and in vain I implored thee;
 The cause that invoked thee, all minds must approve;

But since to this bosom kind fortune's restored thee,
 Oh, say thou'lt never wander again from its love.

Oh, say from these arms thou wilt never more wander,
 Encountering perils on shore and at sea,
 Thou'lt ne'er find a bosom, or truer, or fonder,
 More purely devoted to love and to thee!

At the dead hour of night, on my dream-haunted pillow,
 Oft, oft have dire phantasies tortured my breast;
 The battle's loud cry, and roar of the billow,
 Bereav'd me of hope, and depriv'd me of rest;

Still, still in my visions thy form hover'd o'er me ;
As gleams through dark clouds the bright sun's cheer-
ing ray ;
Thy dear, thy lov'd image, stood smiling before me,
And chased all my fears and afflictions away.
Then say from these arms thou wilt never more wander,
Encountering perils on shore and at sea ;
Thou'lt ne'er find a bosom, or truer or fonder ;
More purely devoted to love and to thee !

MY LOVE IS O'ER THE SEA.

Composed by Mr. Charles Smith, and sung by Mrs. Salmon
at the Hanover Rooms.

My love is o'er the sea,
To distant regions borne ;
My Henry's far away,
His loss I'm doom'd to mourn ;
The tear that dim'd his eye,
His tender grief confest ;
His kind, his parting sigh,
Sank deep into my breast ;
My fond, my swelling heart,
Was torn with anxious fears ;
The signal to depart,
Increas'd our mingled tears ;
The battle's loud alarms
Invok'd him to the field ;
He press'd me in his arms,
And vows his love reveal'd !

‘ Ye guardian powers!’ he cried,
‘ In pity hear my prayer ;
‘ Whatever me betide,
‘ Be her your choicest care !
‘ In glory’s proud career,
‘ No perils daunt my mind ;
‘ For her alone I fear,
‘ My bosom leaves behind ;
‘ Affection’s soft controul
‘ Shall o’er my pulses reign ;
‘ Its power enslaves my soul,
‘ And beauty binds the chain ;
‘ Farewell, my love,—farewell !
‘ I’ll never prove untrue ;
‘ No words my pangs can tell ;
‘ — Adieu, my love, adieu !’

NAY, DROOP NOT, FRIEND!

NAY, droop not, friend ! lo, the grape-bowl glowing !

It blushes to see thee a convert to grief ;

Nay, droop not, friend ! lo, the vine-tide flowing !

Its balmy effusion will yield thee relief ;

Does the poison'd shaft of ingratitude sting thee ?

Does love's infidelity harrow thy mind ?

'The frail vow of friendship does memory bring thee ?

No cure for these ills in reflection we find ;

The wine bowl seize ! no dull clouds o'ershading,

The genial sunshine that spangles its breast,

No dreary vexations its transports invading,

Intrude on its rising, or ruffle its rest.

Why muse and mourn, at our fate repining,

In gloom and despondency cherish our woes ?

Why sink and sigh, when the wine-cup, shining,

Can soothe ev'ry pang of the heart to repose ;

Life's dearest enjoyments, illusively gleaming,
Like gems on a flow'ret soon melt into air ;
The wine bowl's light, resplendently beaming,
Can cheer the soul's sadness and chase away care ;
Then droop not, friend ! hang the world's rude frowning,
The solace of wine on our sorrows be shed !
In its Lethean flood, all inquietude drowning,—
'Tis vain to reflect on the joys which are fled.

ROSINE THE MINSTREL.

For love of Rosine all the youths were distracted:

She, deaf to their sighs, no attention would pay;

The charms of her beauty all bosoms attracted;

She sang most divinely, and this was her lay:—

Ye who are musical, list to my ditty;

Ye who are merry, and ye who are wise;

Ye gay and ye grave ones; ye dull, and ye witty,

Magic, you'll own now, in melody lies.

Her voice echoed sweetly, while numbers drew near her;

Her soul-witching glances she darted around;

All joy'd to behold her; all crowded to hear her;

And still of her song this the burthen they found.

Ye who are musical, list to my ditty;

Ye who are merry, and ye who are wise;

Ye gay and ye grave ones; ye dull, and ye witty,

Magic, you'll own now, in melody lies.

TOM GROG.

To be sung in Character.

My Worthies yo ho ! I'm a son of the sea ;
Stem an' stern, fore an' aft, as a seaman should be ;
Three sheets in the wind, and about though I veer,
I can splice the main-brace, and can hand, reef, an'
steer ;

For fighting his foes, I receive the King's pay ;
My timber's lopt off, and my locks are grown grey ;
A rover I've been, and in climates afar,
And for thirty-five years stood the chances of war.

Steady ! luff, luff, boy !

Thus,—steady she goes !

The main-deck's all clear, and the canvass is spread ;
My eyes how she rolls ! shorten sail ! heave a head !
Paid off,—cash galore, for a frolick agog,
Here's t'ye, my masters ! my name is Tom Grog ;
I've made a good trip, and the shiners can shew ;
And, Messmates, I've got a tight frigate in tow ;

She's rigg'd to my fancy, her sky-scrapers set,
I'm the fifth on the list of the Landlady Bett.

Steady! luff, luff, boy!

Thus,—steady she goes!

On a cruise, bound for Wapping; but steady!—avast!

In tacking, I musn't run foul of the mast;

My top-lights are dows'd, and my land legs are gone;

Helm a weather! hold on! hard a port, boy! hold on!

Hip!—steady!—she rights! and here's t'ye again!

And I'll wet t'other eye to the sons of the main!

Here's the King! may his glory increase with his years;

But shiver that tyrant, the Dey of Algiers!

Steady! luff, luff, boy!

Thus,—steady she goes!

THE PARTING PLEDGE.

WHEN parted from my native shore,
Tumultuous billows round me roar,
And wildly howls the stormy wind,
I'll think on thee, my Ethilind!

When clanging clarions loud alarms,
Invoke the hostile hosts to arms;
A solace still my breast shall find,
I'll think on thee, my Ethilind!

Though death should o'er me poize his dart,
The shaft of fate transpierce my heart,
Its throbbing chords to thee I'll bind,—
Expiring, bless my Ethilind!

THE BOATSWAIN'S SHRILL WHISTLE.

Composed by Mr. Monroe.

THE Boatswain's shrill whistle pip'd all hands a-hoy,
The word to weigh anchor was given;
When pale turn'd the cheek of the poor Sailor Boy,
His eyes were uplifted to heaven!

And was it dismay that affected his breast?

The dread of the deep, that pervaded his feelings?
Oh, no;—'twas a passion more keenly exprest;

'Twas the throb of affection, 'twas nature's appealings.

To home and to kindred he'd bidden farewell;—

He strove his sensations to smother;

But mem'ry had bound round his bosom her spell,

And he murmur'd the words of his mother:—

“ My hope is thy conduct ;—thy father is dead ;—

“ Be true to thy king, and ne'er shrink from thy duty ;

“ The furrows of age on my temples are spread ;

“ Thy sister has nought but her virtue and beauty.”—

The Sailor Boy's cheek was bedew'd with a tear ;
His messmates beheld his emotion ;
With hearty huzzas his young bosom they cheer,
It swell'd with a loyal devotion ;
Aloft up the shrouds, to his duty he flew ;
His heart glow'd with courage, all obstacles braving
From his neck his dear sister's last token he drew,
The pledge of her love from the top-gallant waving !

A DIRGE IN HONOR

OF THE

CALEDONIAN BARD, BURNS.

Let solemn dirge by pensive bards be sung,
And the wild harp above thy grave be hung ;
And breathing flowers by purest hands convey'd,
Shall soothe thy spirit and delight thy shade.

A MONODY ON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE R. B. SHERIDAN.

WEEP, weep, ye maids of Scotia, weep !
Your tear-dew'd garlands hither bring ;
Ye seraphs ! guard the minstrel's sleep,
Where silent lies his lyric string.—
Its fervent swell, its melting strain,
No more their varied charms impart ;
In ruin laid, no more again,
Their magic tones shall touch the heart.

Ye Ayrshire swains, mourn o'er him still,

And gather round his home of rest ;

Old Albin's sons, devoutly kneel,

While sorrow swells each feeling breast ;

At merit's shrine in homage bend ;

The pious anthem slowly raise ;

While holy strains to heaven ascend,

To genius pour the song of praise !

Be hush'd each sound !—no longer breathe,

Ye wailing winds that low complain ;

Let holy silence, still as death,—

Around this sacred mansion reign ;

Ye Bards, retire ! your tribute paid,

The solemn dirge of sorrow, cease ;

Disturb no more the poet's shade,—

Your offering o'er, depart in peace !

OF CUPID BEWARE!

OF Cupid beware ! though so artless and simple,
 The urchin appears with his innocent smiles,
 A spell lies concealed in each treacherous dimple,
 Young Love's an enchanter, beware of his wiles !
 So harmless he seems, that no mortal can doubt him ;
 But should he once gain a controul o'er the breast,
 Take warning, ye ladies ! there's witchcraft about him,
 Will steal through your pulses and rob ye of rest.

Oh, ladies, beware ! though so artless and simple
 Young Cupid appears, with his innocent smiles,
 A spell lies concealed in each soul-stealing dimple,
 Young Love's an enchanter, beware of his wiles !

To veil his intentions, blindfolded he wanders ;
 Well skill'd in disguises, his bow he conceals ;
 Though sometimes at random his arrows he squanders,
 His power o'er his object he always reveals ;

While meek and enticing he artfully wiles you,
Deceiving the senses, he draws forth a dart ;
With innocent seeming the traitor beguiles you,
Then laughing, he plunges the shaft in your heart.

Oh, ladies beware ! though so artless and simple
Young Cupid appears, with his innocent smiles,
A spell lies concealed in each soul-stealing dimple,
Young Love's an enchanter, beware of his wiles !

THE HARP OF ERIN.

Fled are the days when freedom nobly strong,
 With wild ear listen'd to the Tyrtean song;
 With slumbering chords the harp neglected lies,
 No daring spirit bids an anthem rise :
 But dark oblivion spreads her raven wings,
 And the muse weeps upon the silent strings.

W. J. ROBERTS.

THE harp of Old Erin, that sounded afar,
 In days long departed, and gladden'd our plains,
 That glow'd with affection and echo'd to war,
 Transports us no more with its soul-thrilling strains;
 Dear harp of my country ! thy spirit is fled ;
 The hearts that invok'd thee, are cold in the grave ;
 Thy patriot chords, long distracted, lie dead,
 Insensible, now, to the call of the brave !

In periods of old, when bright freedom bore sway,
 The breasts of our fathers thy melody charm'd ;
 The feeling, the skill, and the fire of thy lay,
 Their minds have enchanted, their bosoms have warm'd,

The green vales of Erin with rapture have rung ;
Stern valour has knelt thy wild numbers to hear ;
The sweet form of beauty oft o'er thee hath hung,
Compassion oft hallow'd thy strings with a tear.

Lov'd harp of our land ! thy vibrations no more
Our bosoms to hope and to extacy raise ;
Thy loss and thy ruin we're doom'd to deplore,
But,—memory still is alive to thy praise ;
No more, of our kingdom the glory and pride,
Thy ardour's subsided, thy honors are gone ;
They perish'd, alas ! when our Carolan died,—
To regions of bliss hath thy harmony flown !

THE SHANNON AND THE CHESAPEAKE.

To Ocean's brave heroes now raise the glad strain !
 Britannia triumphant shall still rule the main ;
 To BROKE fill the wine-cup ! fill high to his fame !
 Each man of the Shannon, be honor'd his name !

Station'd off Columbia's coast,
 Her red-cross flag defiance waving,
 Firm the Shannon kept her post,
 The Chesapeake to battle braving !
 Sure of success, with all her canvass set,
 Down bore the foe, the challenge prompt obeying ;
 Brief was the pause ; the rival bulwarks met ;
 The cannons roar the stranded crowds dismaying ;
 Broadsides exchang'd, every heart was high bounding ;
 Cheer answer'd cheer, in loud echoes resounding,
 Near'd the brave vessels, and BROKE gave the word ;
 " Haul up alongside and lay her aboard ! "

Gun lock'd with gun and the combat now raged ;
Yard-arm and yard-arm the frigates engaged ;
Fiercer and fiercer the battle-strife grew ;
When wavering, flinch'd the proud Chesapeake's crew.
Suddenly ceas'd the loud roar of the cannon ;
Dashed on her decks the rough tars of the Shannon ;
Nought was now heard but the cutlasses clashing ;
Man rushed on man, while each eye-beam was flashing,
All hearts shewed devotion,
Blood-red grew the ocean,
Half a glass scarce had wasted e'er ended the fray ;
Dread, dread was the slaughter ;
The foe call'd for quarter ;
With all her sails flying, they towed her away !

DOUBT THOU IN YON O'ER-ARCHING SKY.

Doubt thou the stars are fire ;
 Doubt that this earth doth move ;
 Doubt truth to be a liar,
 But never doubt I love.

HAMLET'S LETTER TO OPHELIA.

DOUBT thou in yon o'er-arching sky,
 That Cynthia hangs her horn on high ;
 Doubt that thine orbs more radiant are
 Than every bright celestial star ;
 Doubt the sweet sounds Cecilia hears,
 Combine the music of the spheres ;
 Doubt that this firm set earth doth move,—
 But never, never doubt I love !

Oh ! never doubt the pledge I breathed,
 When I that wild-flow'r garland wreathed,
 Which now adorns thy polished brow,
 Made sacred with our mutual vow ;
 While memory her power maintains,
 Oh ! while one vital spark remains,
 Still faithful to the last I'll prove,—
 Then never, never doubt I love !

OLD ENGLAND.

“ Here’s to the Pilot that weather’d the storm !”

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF THE LATE RIGHT HONORABLE
WILLIAM PITT.

THE Isle of our fathers, all islands excelling,
Whose centinell’d cliffs overlook the wide sea,
Of valour the seat, and of beauty the dwelling,
The land of the loyal, the land of the free ;—
Old England ! a speck, a mere speck on the ocean,
*A region divided, cut off from the world,
Surrounded by foes in war’s stormy commotion,
Triumphantly still her proud banners unfurled !

When burst out the flames of that fierce revolution,
Which spread over Europe, and threaten’d mankind,
Serene at the helm of our blest Constitution,
Stood Pitt, and displayed the great powers of his mind ;

* Et toto divisus orbe Britannos.

CÆSAR’S COMMENTARIES.

The baneful contagion his foresight restraining,
Round Liberty's standard he rallied his host ;
'Gainst myriads in arms the dire conflict maintaining,
Through trials of dread he ne'er shrunk from his post.

There are, who, the meed to his merits denying,
His character blast, and his conduct revile ;
His wisdom disputing, his actions decrying,—
Cease, vipers, forbear ! for you bite at a file ;
The star of his glory all nations beholding,
To the world's furthest bounds is its halo-light spread ;
The guide of mankind, its attraction unfolding,
O'er all the four quarters its lustre is shed !

Its base, like his glory, o'er earth wide extending,
A pillar of brass should be raised to his fame ;
Its spire, like his virtues ascending to heaven,
A lasting memorial, emblaz'd with his name !
A patriot he lived ;—and a patriot dying,
His soul's ruling passion, he shewed e'en in death ;
For his loved, native land, in its agonies sighing,
His country he bless'd with his last parting breath !

I LOVE TO SEE A FOAMING BOWL.

Anacreontic.

I LOVE to see a foaming bowl,
With ruby lustre crown'd ;
I love to see the flow of soul,
And care in goblets drown'd ;
The song, the jest, the laugh, the glee,
Comprise the charms of life ;
The bane of social jollity,
Are politics and strife.

If wine can yield our cares relief,
Then let its current flow ;
Its sparkling cups can banish grief,
Then bask we in their glow !
Tell, tell not me of beauty's power ;
Of woman's soft controul ;
But give me, Gods, the social hour,
The transports of the bowl !

Philosophers their eyes may raise ;

Their sober maxims bring ;

Regard we what the poet says,

That ' Time is on the wing ;'

The sands of life too soon run out ;

And joy is but a flower ;

Be gay, and push the bowl about,

Drink, drink, and prove its power !

THE HEART OF A SOLDIER NE'ER SHRINKS
WITH ALARM.

WHEN absent, dear Emma, o'er seas far away,
In regions remote 'tis my fortune to roam ;
Love's bright, guiding planet will beam on my way,
My mind, fix'd on thee, shall ne'er wander from home.
Dread trials may wait me ; the battle may rave ;
The heart of a soldier ne'er shrinks with alarm ;
For his king and his country all danger he'll brave ;
His cause and his courage still shield him from harm.

To perils accustom'd, we soldiers well know
The feeling which honor and glory inspire ;
The mandate that binds us ; the duty we owe,
When Freedom and Britain our service require.
No cause, dearest Emma, I'll give thee to mourn ;
This medal I earn'd on Vittoria's plain ;
My wanderings o'er, to thy arms I'll return ;
With smiles of affection soon greet thee again !

JOHN OF PARIS.

AIR—" *Calder Fair.*"

ALL ye Johns of Paris, list to my song ;
 Yield me your attention, I'll not keep ye long ;
 A pretty little Chanson, and to it ye may dance ;
 The melody can't fail to be a favourite in France ;
 Tink a tink a tink tink, tink, tink a tink !
 Tink a tink, &c.
 Give ear unto the words, John, and listen to the air ;
 The subjects " John of Paris," and the tune is *Calder Fair*.
 Tink a tink, &c.

Johnny apes the graces, gay, debonnaire,
 Johnny parley vous a la mode d'Angleterre ;
 Johnny stares about him, and gapes at all he sees ;
 Mistakes the Palais Royal, for the Royal Thuilleries ;
 Tink a tink a tink, &c.—
 Johnny kicks a Frenchman for making him a bow ;
 And Johnny gets his caput crack'd in kicking up a row.
 Tink a tink, &c.

Johnny spies a sign, that thus doth begin,
By way of invitation, “ the English taken in !”
John of Paris enters, bawls lustily, “ du boire !”
“ Mi Lor,” replies the waiter, “ vill you play, le Rouge
et Noir ?”

Chink a chink, &c.

Johnny sports the shiners, they quickly disappear ;
Then stamps, and swears, and cries out, “ what the devil
brought me here !”

L’Opera Comique is Johnny’s delight ;
The ballet figurantes enchanting are to sight ;
At every twist and turn, John rapturously stares ;
He never saw the like of it, young John of Paris swears ;
Tink a tink, &c.

Johnny laughs so loudly, you’d think his sides would crack,
At Sampson’s pas de seul, with Gaza gates upon his back.
Tink a tink, &c.

Johnny likes the waltzes, and Johnny likes the wine ;
To range the Boulevards, and at Table d’ Hote to dine ;
A monkey in his manners, and a puppy in his dress,
With look as fierce as Hercules, and whisker-cover’d face.
Tink a tink, &c.

He sings, he fiddles, capers, vive, vive la bagatelle !
He's the laughter of each beau, and the dupe of every
belle.

Tink a tink, &c.—

John of Paris comes back eas'd of his cash ;
But a la mode de Paris, contrives to cut a dash ;
He figures in the Parks, and he lounges in the Mall,
When creditors accost him, then young John begins to feel
The loss of chink a chink, &c.

Johnny, if you're wise, then, abroad no longer roam,
But leave your soups and fricassees, and stick to beef
and home.

Tink a tink, &c. &c.

HARK, THE HARPS TO RAPTURE SOUNDING!

AIR—*“ *Ar hyd y nos.*

HARK! the harps to rapture sounding,

Ar hyd y nos!

Hark! the hills and vales rebounding,

Ar hyd y nos!

Eye to eye its gladness telling,

Heart to heart with rapture swelling,

Bards, all other bards excelling,

Ar hyd y nos!

Echo swells the votive measure;

Ar hyd y nos!

Ev'ry bosom throbs with pleasure;

Ar hyd y nos!

To their harps responsive ringing,

Native lays the minstrels singing,

† Glendower's fame to mem'ry bringing,

Ar hyd y nos!

* The live long night.

† He durst as well have met the devil himself,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

HENRY THE FOURTH.

Strike the harps to Chiefs in story !

Ar hyd y nos !

Days of old, and deeds of glory !

Ar hyd y nos !

Music's tide of true devotion,

Numbers pour in warm emotion,

Swell the strains o'er earth and ocean,

Ar hyd y nos !

Hark ! to freedom loud appealing,

Ar hyd y nos !

Ev'ry breast its impulse feeling ;

Ar hyd y nos !

Hark ! the chorus louder blending,

*Castell Dinas Bran ascending,

Berwyn's lofty summit rending,

Ar hyd y nos !

Higher now each heart is beating,

Ar hyd y nos !

Nuptial strains Sir Watkin greeting,

Ar hyd y nos !

Hark, the pipe and tabor sounding !

Wynnstay's roofs the shouts rebounding,

Wild with joy each pulse is bounding,

Ar hyd y nos !

* A fortress commanding a very strong pass, and the scene of many a bloody conflict. † A neighbouring mountain.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS TO GOD SAVE THE
KING.

LONG may the Royal Line
In ev'ry virtue shine,

Like George our King !
And when to kindred skies,
His happy spirit flies,
May other Monarchs rise,
Like George our King !

Omen of England's peace,
Glory, renown, and bliss,
Still on them smile !

Freedom, thy flag unfold !
Millions o'erjoy'd behold,
CHARLOTTE and LEOPOLD !
Hope of our Isle !

AMBITION.

A Portrait.

From tent to tent I see thee fly,
Despair and terror in thine eye;
Trembling at the shaft of Fate,
Left forlorn and desolate;
While horror, smiling on thy baffled plan,
Thunders within thy ear, and tells thee thou art MAN!

W. J. ROBERTS.

RULING on a throne of state,
Armed with power, Ambition sat;
Bloodshot loured his wrathful eye,
Gleaming direst tyranny:
Bare-armed Murder near him stood;
All her garments dropping blood;
Rapine, Havoc, Hatred, Ire,
All upheld his mad desire!
Shuddered mankind, while echoing afar,
Loud swelled the hostile trump, proclaiming ruthless war!

England rais'd her banner high,
Rallying sigh of liberty !
Europe roused, the storm began ;
Millions to the conflict ran ;
ARTHUR grasped his conquering sword ;
Valiant ARTHUR gave the word ;
FREEDOM !—'twas a word of fire ;
Answering cheers each breast inspire ;
On Belgic plains in hostile arms arrayed,
Now man defying man, opposed the battle-blade !

Steel clad legions firm advance !
All the chosen hordes of France !
Raged the strife ;—in wild career,
Rang the lance and flamed the spear ;
England's, Prussia's ensigns flew
O'er the field of Waterloo ;
Freedom sped ; in floods of gore,
Sunk the shatter'd Tri-color ;
Victorious shouts now loud uprose in air,
While broke the fear-struck ranks of Guilt with cries of
wild despair !

Mad Bellona's dread alarms
Wake no more the world to arms ;
War's appalling clamours cease,
Harassed nations rest in peace :
See, yon Eagle's bloody plume !
Symbol of the tyrant's doom ;
Lo ! the proud Oppressor flies,—
Terror in his haggard eyes !
Flies in despair through midnight's falling dew,
Resigning all but life, he shrinks from Waterloo.

— — — — —
Where all thy laurels flown ?
E'en like leaves in winter strown ;
Where is now thy martial fame ?
Vanished, like a comet's flame ;
Where are those who hailed thy sway ?
Low they lie, the ravens prey ;
From thy throne in vengeance hurled,
(What a lesson to the world !)
Prometheus like, a rock is now thy bourne,
A barren realm of rock, thy conscience vulture torn.

THE END.

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

Mad Bellona's blood is on the
 Walls we gave the world to arms:
 War's appalling clamours cease,
 Harassed nations rest in peace:
 See, yon Eagle's bloody plume
 Symbol of our tyrant's doom;
 See! the proud Oppressor flies—
 His wings are rent and torn.

Flies in despair through midnight's falling dew,
 Resigning all but life, he shrinks from Waterloo.

What of thy laurels given?
 What of thy trophies won?
 What is left thy conqueror's name?
 Vanished, like a comet's flame;
 Where are those who hailed thy song?
 Low they lie, the evening long,
 From thy throne to vengeance hurled,
 (What a name to the world!)

Promotions oft are paid to men the least
 A hero's name is all that counts.

THE END.

W. Flet, Printer, Old Bailey, London.



Lewes, John L.

National Melodies and other Poems

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